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CRACKED

SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON HERE!

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MAZAGINE

DECEMBER 1979

No. 165

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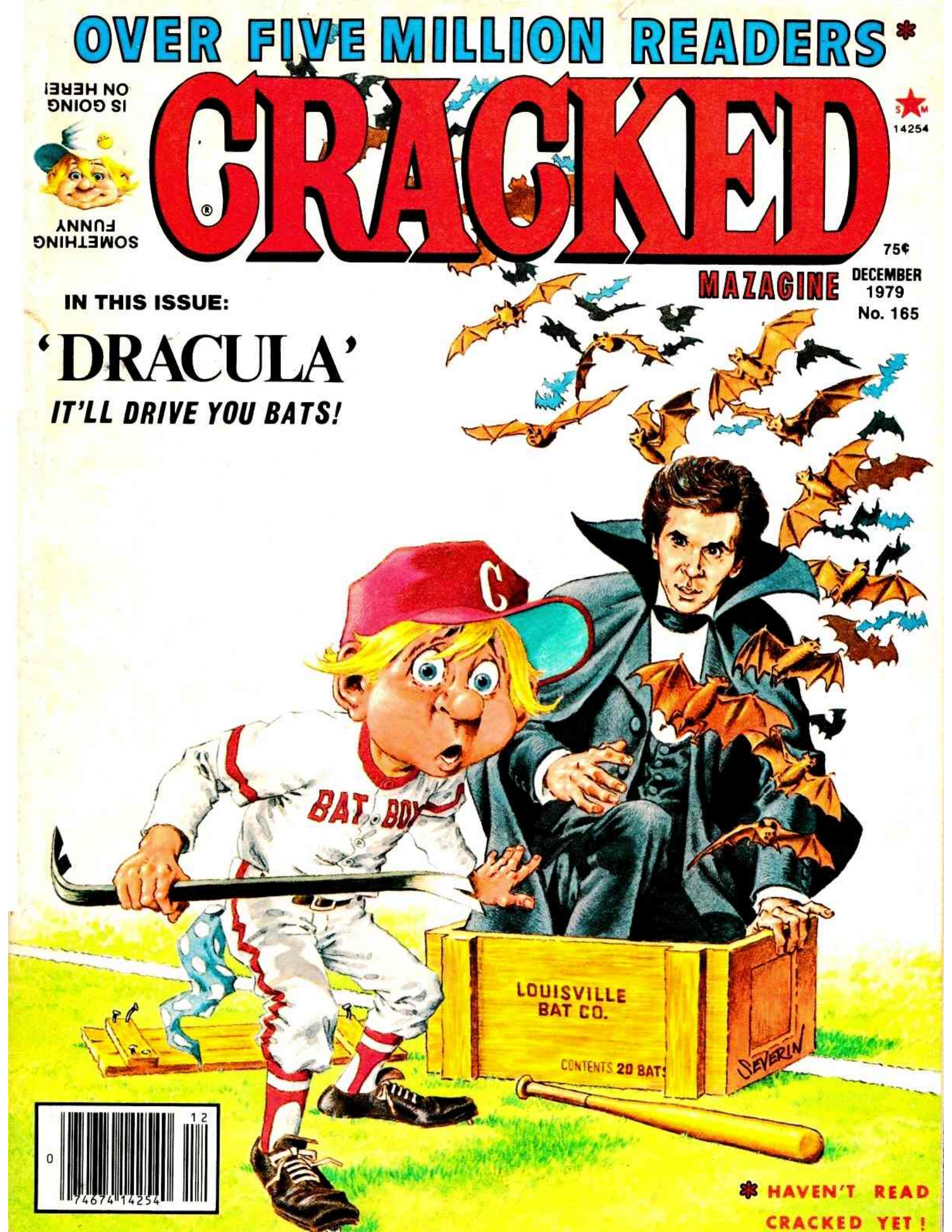
'DRACULA'

IT'LL DRIVE YOU BATS!



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* HAVEN'T READ CRACKED YET!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

YOUR HEAD
OR YOU LIVE
IN AUSTRALIA !

CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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BILL SPROUL, editor
JOE CATALANO, contributing editor

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HOWARD NOSTRAND, WARREN SATTLER,
DON OREHEK, JOHN LANGTON, artists
SEYMOUR ERRS, pf rdr
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, janitor

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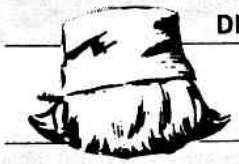
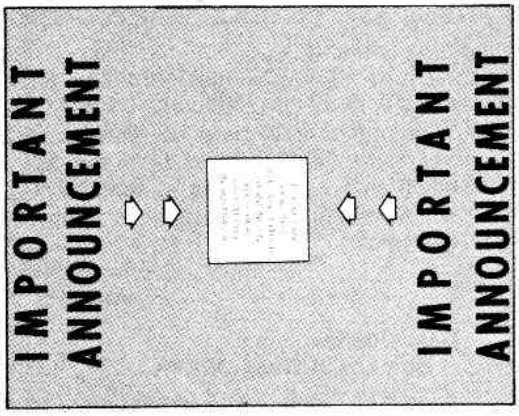
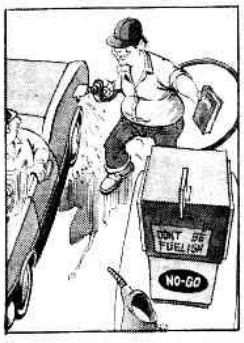


WHAT'S UP FRONT OUR COVER

Sylvester, can't you do anything right? Those are **not** the correct type of bats! Watch out for that guy in the cape, he looks a bit batty himself!





LETTUCE from our Readers

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,
Loved IF MORK APPEARED IN OTHER T.V. SHOWS AND MOVIES. Your writers really have him down pat, and because they've brought me so much enjoyment, I'd like to send them some flowers in appreciation. Any suggestions?

Charles Miller
Louisville, KY

Dear Charles,
How about some ORKids.

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
That AUNT DINGER'S SPAGHETTI SAUCE AD last issue was funny, but the woman in the ad — it's driving me nuts — she looked so familiar!

Anthony Miele
Benton, Ill.

Dear Anthony,
No wonder! That was Aunt Dinger!

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
Do you really think society will be the way you pictured it in WHEN GAMBLING BECOMES LEGAL IN EVERYDAY LIFE?

Gary Frost
Waynesboro, PA

Dear Gary,
We'll lay you 8 to 5 on it!

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
I just received the CRACKED T-shirt I ordered for my grandmother and she loves it. There's just one problem—right after she put it on, the garment became all wrinkled. Is this a trait of the shirt?

Mathew Bromberry
Ames, Iowa

Dear Mathew,
No. We're afraid it's a trait of your grandmother.

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
You're probably going to get a letter from my brother telling you how I like to eat grapes with my feet. Well, it's not true! Honest! I mean it!

Frank Harris
Berkley, CA

Dear CRACKED,
I have a feeling my brother, Frank, is going to mail you a letter saying that I like to glue my peas together so none can roll off my plate. Well, he's a liar, and—PLEASE, don't let this fact get out, or I won't be able to face the world again.

Bob Harris
Berkley, CA

Dear Frank and Bob,
Why don't we put your letters on top of one another and let you guys fight this out between yourselves.

Dear CRACKED,
How could you! How could you run a DISCO article. Like man, rock and roll is where it's at. What possessed you to go DISCO?

John Wagner
Downers Grove, Ill.

Dear John,
CRACKED believes in presenting every side of a topic, no matter how repulsive it may seem. You forget! In the past, we've even done things on Richard Nixon.

Dear CRACKED,
I've read some great movie satires in your magazine, but ALLIEN AND HOW TO WATCH IT had to be your greatest yet. Any tips on how to watch HELLO LARRY?

Bob Hahn
Locust Valley, NY

Dear Bob,
Yeah! With the set off!

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
I am perhaps your oldest reader—78—and, although I enjoy your book, I have one small complaint. I'm starting to lose my hearing and was wondering if the people in your movie satires could speak a little louder. It would be such a nice gesture.

Lanette Maloy
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Lanette,
We'll see what we can do.

Dear CRACKED,
THE CRACKED WORLD OF AMBITION really inspired me. It prompted me to go out, wash the car, clean the house and give the dog a bath.

Peter Lim
Fanwood, NJ

Dear Peter,
How about rereading it and then coming over here and doing the same for us?

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
Has Sylvester ever been in the movies?

Hugh Thayer
Seal Beach, CA

Dear Hugh,
Indeed! Just last week he was in the Rialto to see HEIDI LEARNS TO ROLLER SKATE!

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
An article on marriage? It was like listening to a 60-year-old comedian. I mean, really! Has CRACKED sold out?

David Wayman
August, Maine

Dear David,
Yup! On just about every newsstand in America.

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
Are the articles used in CRACKED written by real people?

Loretta Colby
Brentwood, NY

Dear Loretta,
No, mannequins!

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
In keeping with President Carter's energy conservation program, I have found a way to keep myself warm without burning any oil. After reading my CRACKEDS, I remove the staples, spread out the pages and role myself up snugly in them.

Eunice Barrow
Chesire, Conn.

Dear Eunice,
We've heard of people getting wrapped up in their reading, but really . . .

* * *

Dear CRACKED,
You left out one money-saving idea in CRACKED'S TIPS FOR ECONOMIZING. To save 75¢, don't buy CRACKED.

V. J. Murken
Annandale, VA

Dear V. J.,
True, except then you'd become all sad and depressed, and it's a known fact that sad people develop all sorts of diseases which result in doctor bills, hospital bills and medication bills. So, in reality, when you buy CRACKED, you're actually *saving* over $20,000 a year!

* * *

NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #166
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
NOVEMBER 6TH

Brand New!

This Makes It OFFICIAL!

Be among the first to wear the brand new

CRACKED REPORTER T-SHIRT!

Fully Washable
FRUIT of the LOOM
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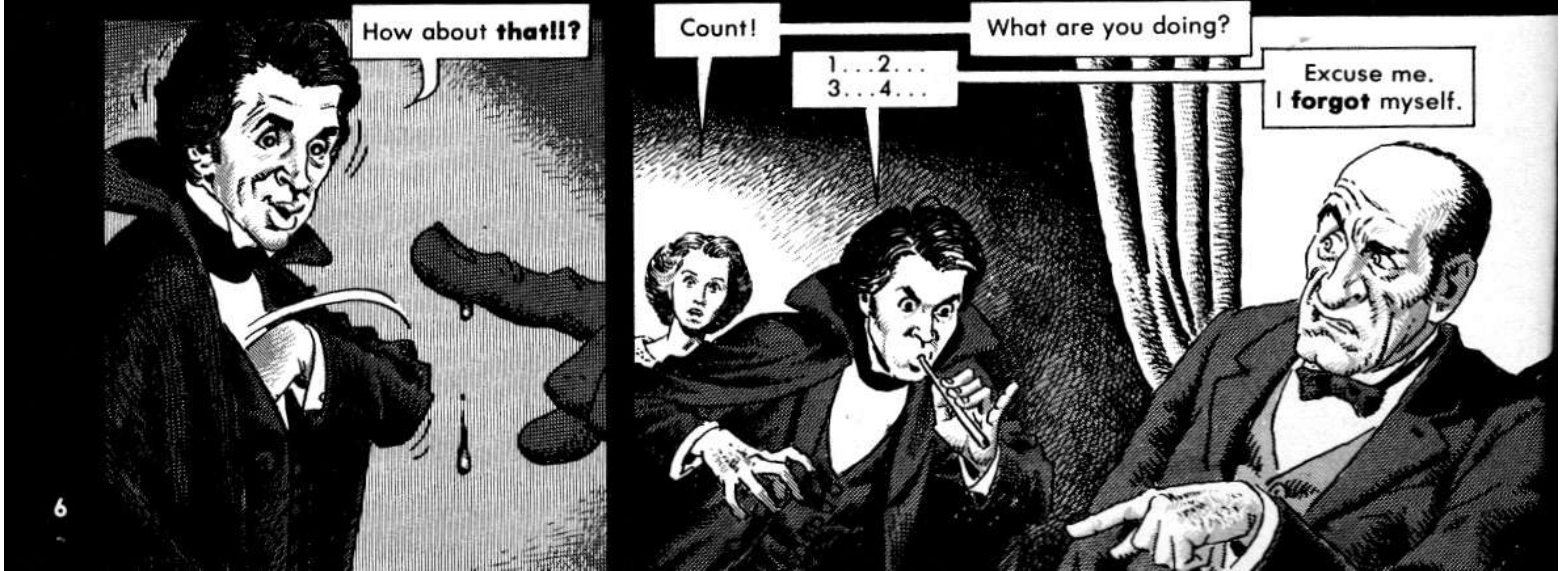
N.Y. State Residents: Add 8% Sales Tax.

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.

If there's a trend to be found in this year's crop of new films, it's that movie goers are currently in love with men who wear capes. A few months ago it was that alien from Krypton known as Superman and, now, people are flocking to see that Transylvanian ladies' man known as

DRECULA



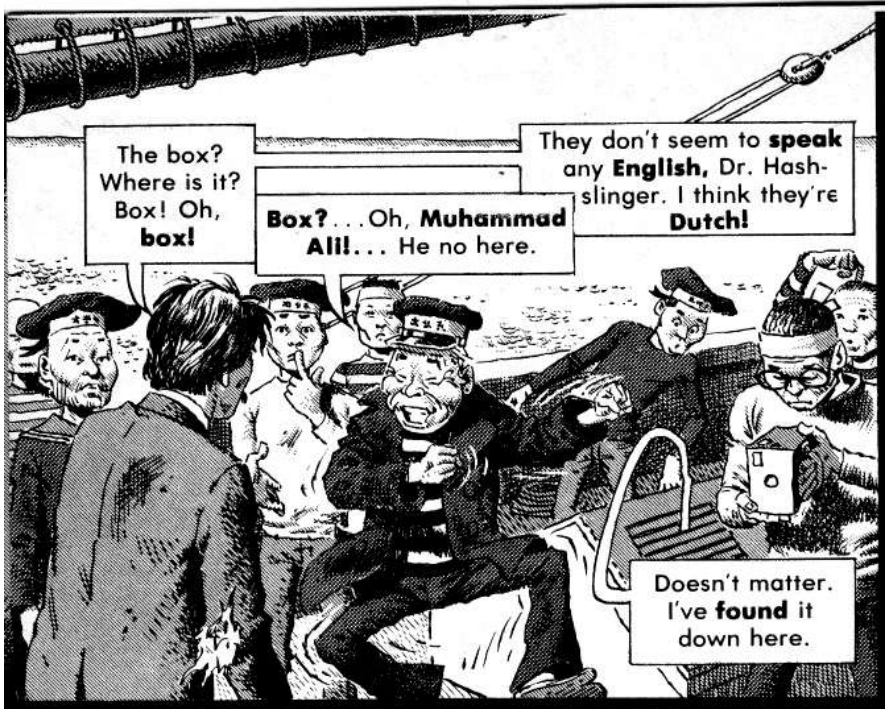
And if you **too** will forgive me. I just couldn't **resist** using that **old joke.**
Tonight has been wonderful, but—ooh! I feel so **faint.**
Meana!
Allow me. I'll rid her of the **pain** with simple **sleep.**
You aren't going to use any of that **hypnotism**-hocus-pocus, are you?
YUCH!
SPLAT!
No, there's a **better** way.
"SCENE 1: The film opens with Dr. Sewer and his guests seated around a dinner table."
I feel so sleepy.
"Johnathun Hogger begins to speak, offering a..."
SCEAMPLAY FOR DRECULA
She's **nodding** out. It's **working.**
Midnight! I suspect everyone in the **Sewer** household has **retired** by now, so I'll just **crawl down** along the wall from this **roof top** to Meana's bedroom...Here we go—I told **Mom** that all those years of reading **Spyderman** comics weren't for nothing.
Why, **Count!**
1...2...3...ugh! I've got to **break** that **habit.**
What are **you** doing here? Have you come to **ask** me **out** to the **ball game** tomorrow?
No. I thought we'd wait for **bat** day to do that. For now...
You wanna do a little **making out?**
No, **necking!**
Father! It's Meana. This morning when I came to awaken her, I found her like this. Oh, Daddy! I fear she's...
You're **over-reacting.** Her **color** is good. Her **pulse** is fine.
Terrific! Except that's her **stuffed panda** you're examining!

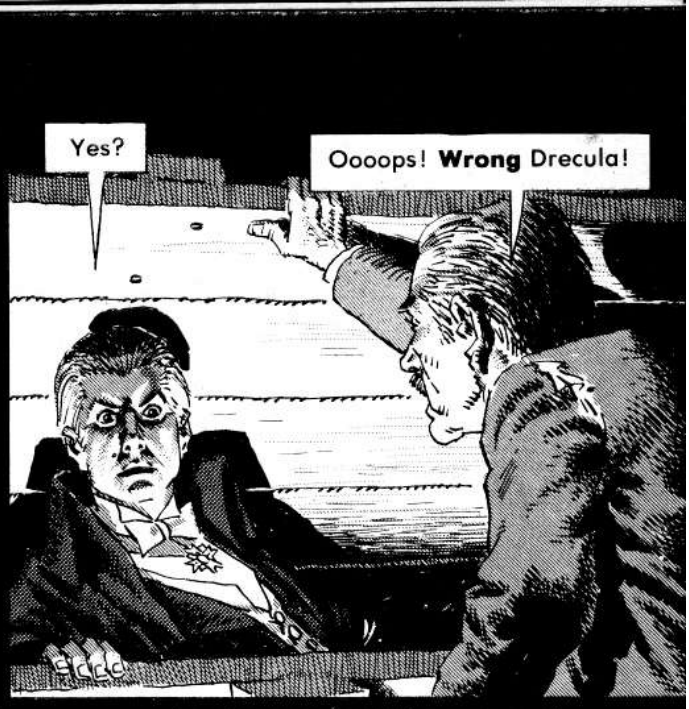
Dr. Van Hashslinger, I'm sorry to have called you here on such short notice, but it's Meana. Your daughter has expired.
You called me from Vienna because Meana's deodorant failed?
TO ALL TRAINS
Let me put it another way. I found two little holes on her neck.
Caused by what?
My theory at the moment is that she was probably trying to pierce her ears, missed, and got her neck instead.
There's been a lot of that going around.
Yes. My own daughter would have been here to offer her condolences, but a new neighbor invited us for dinner and she didn't want to slight him by declining.
SEWER'S SANITORIUM
Good evening, Miss Sewer.
The doors! They opened automatically!
SLAM!
SLAM!
Yes. I saw it used in a local supermarket and just had to install a set.
This house is so strange. All the candles... It's sort of like being dead.
There are things worse than death, Miss Sewer.
Name one.
That Tapioca pudding you're about to eat.
OWOOOOOOO
What was that?
Wolves! Did they frighten you?
Yes. They reminded me of the last single's bar I was in.
Well, no longer will you have to patronize such places. I realize that you and Mr. Hogger are to be married, but I assure you, one day, Loosey, it will be me you'll desire.
Oh, Count!
46...47...48...UGH! I've got to stop doing that!
You can do anything you wish. I love you already.
Good. Because, you see, I need your blood.
Couldn't you just take a lock of my hair like everyone else?

Now, refresh me Dr. Hashslinger. Why are you digging up your daughter's grave?
I'm afraid it wasn't pierced ears that killed Meana, but rather a vampire!!
Impossible! The nearest ball stadium is miles from here.
Not umpire!! VAMPIRE!
See! Her coffin is empty...And, if I'm not mistaken, there'll be a hole on the side leading to a tunnel...Yes! Come. Let's go down and investigate. But, remember. Should any vampires try to attack us, hold up a cross!
FOR RENT
Vampires! Coffins! Blood! Why didn't I take that musical comedy job like my agent had suggested.
It's so dark down here.
Over there! It's Meana!! Gad, what have you done to yourself, girl? You look awful!
Sewer!! She's trying to bite my neck! Do what I told you!
Here! Hold this up to her!
A ball point pen! What good will that do?
DA-DA!
It's a Cross!
Dr. Sewer, where have you been? I just found Loosey lying here.
And she's got two little puncture marks on her neck. Her blood's been drained!!
You mean to tell me there's something capable of sucking human beings dry?
TOMATOE JUICE
Apparently you've never heard of OPEC.
There's a vampire loose, but who could it be? Can you think of anyone strange in the area?
None that I can recall.
Excuse me, Dr. Sewer, but Count Drecula's at the door. He'd like to know if he might borrow a cup of Mare's sweat?
Yes, of course, but please Maria—no more disturbances. We're trying to come up with a list of strange people we know.
Good evening, Dr. Hashlinger.
Wha?... How did you get up here? Why, of course! I bet it's you... Tell me, Count...

How would you like to **look** into my **mirror!?!**
RRRIIP!
Get that away!!... I mean, I'm very **modest.** I **hate** looking at myself in them.
Doesn't that make **shaving** kind of difficult?
And **how** do you **feel** about **this? Ah ha!!**
A **shoe horn?**
Wrong! Ah ha!
Try **this** instead!
Garlic! NO!
Yes, **garlic.** What does **that** remind you of—besides **Sergio Franci's breath,** of course!?!
I warn you. **Loosey** is **mine.**
And you're sure Count Drecula's the **vampire?**
Yes. He's got to be done away with. Come—we'll **sneak** in through his **living room window.**
Doesn't **etiquette** require us to **knock** first?
We've come to **kill** the man, not to have **tea** with him.
Drecula! What are **you** doing **up?** It's **3** in the **afternoon!**
Which one is that?
I was just **sitting** around **watching** my **favorite** TV program.
Bat Man!
YOU KNOW IT'S A BLOODY MARY!
The doctor says as long as I take **aspirin,** get **rest, drink** plenty of **blood** and remain in the **dark,** I can stay up during the day. But you **throw** me **off** the track. You'll **never** kill me. And after you **two** die, I'll go back and get **Loosey**—and then later **Charlie Brown,** followed by **Linus** and **Snoopy** and...
BATROOM
FANGS FOR THE MEMORY
TEETH FOR TWO
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

He's **turned** into a **bat** and is **attacking** me. **Do** something!
Shoo!... Shoo!...
I was **hoping** for a bit more **help** than **that!**
Well, what happened?
He got away. **Where's** Loosey?
I **locked** her in a **padded cell** in this **asylum.** I figured the **change** might do her good.
That's awful! I must see her and tell her that I **still** love her—even though, I have to admit, I'm not too **fond** of that **biting habit** she's picked up.
She's gone!! Count Drecula must have burst through the **window** and taken her.
Look! They're **riding off** on that **horse.**
We must **rescue** her. To the **car!**
I'm afraid we **can't** use mine. I'm **'even'** and we can't get **gas** until tomorrow.
We'll use mine then. I'm **odd.**
I could have **guessed** that.
Their **trail** stops here. **Where** could they have **gone?**
That **wagon!** It's got a **box** in back marked: 'HANDLE WITH CARE—COUNT DRECULA AND FRIEND' and it's headed for the harbor.
Turn the **car** around quickly.
You idiot!! That's **not** what I meant!
We'll have to get to the **boat dock** on **foot** now.
Excuse me. That **box** you **delivered.** Where is it?
The ship's **underway?**
Aboard that **ship.** But you'll have to **hurry.**
That, and there's only **7** more **panels** left in this **satire** to catch it.

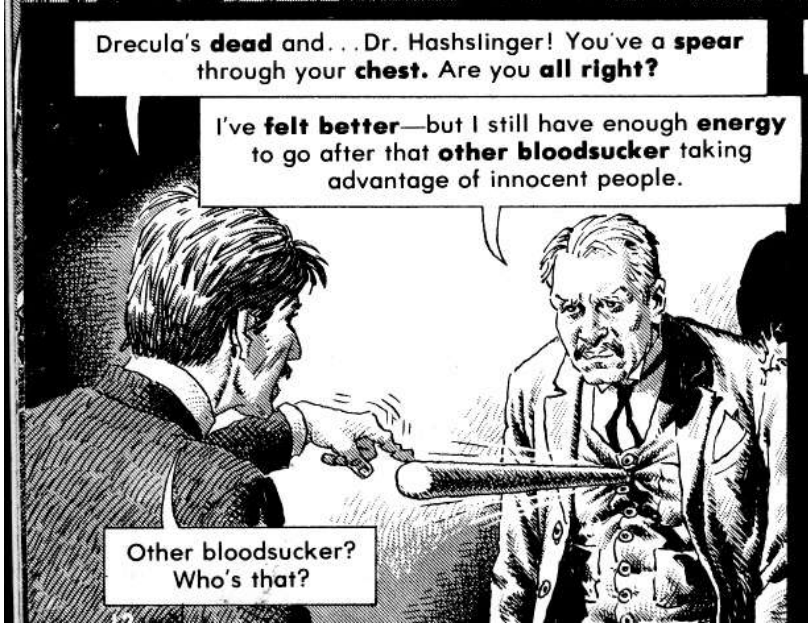

The box? Where is it? Box! Oh, box!
Box?... Oh, Muhammad Ali!... He no here.
They don't seem to speak any English, Dr. Hashslinger. I think they're Dutch!
Doesn't matter. I've found it down here.

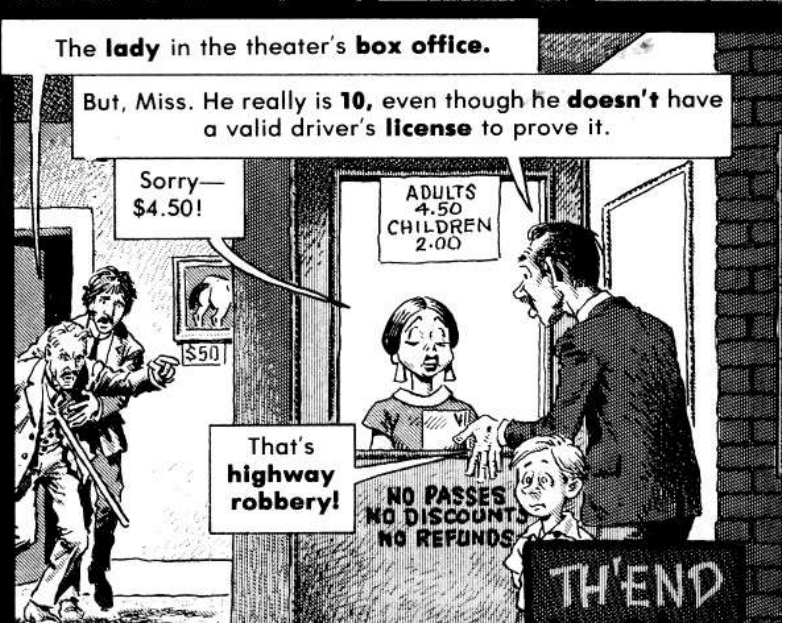

Yes?
Oooops! Wrong Drecula!

Dr. Hashslinger, they're in here.
DO NOT DISTURB
GERTA WAS HERE

Ahhhh! Drecula's coming at me. Get some light in here—quickly!
I'll open this hatch.

NNNNOOOOOO! Light! And I left my Foster Grants in my other cape!


Drecula's dead and... Dr. Hashslinger! You've a spear through your chest. Are you all right?
I've felt better—but I still have enough energy to go after that other bloodsucker taking advantage of innocent people.
Other bloodsucker? Who's that?


The lady in the theater's box office.
But, Miss. He really is 10, even though he doesn't have a valid driver's license to prove it.
Sorry—$4.50!
ADULTS 4.50
CHILDREN 2.00
$50
That's highway robbery!
NO PASSES
NO DISCOUNTS
NO REFUNDS
TH'END

Throughout history, there have been many classical poems written dealing with weighty and important subjects. Well, CRACKED contacted America's leading poet to see if he would do a modern-day piece dealing with one of the world's current weighty subjects and, when he threw us out, we instead settled for one written by America's foremost mediocre poet. The work now done, we are at last (almost) proud to present

The Rhyme Of The Thieving Sheik

In the sleepy old town known
as tiny Baville,
There lived Dorothy (or Dok) and
her man known as Bill.

There was Whimpy, their dog, and
all three were content
With their house and their car
and their stereo set.

"I'm going for gas," yelled Bill
rubbing his belly.

"OK," yelled back Dok.
"I'll stay here— bathe old Smelly."

Now, as Bill reached the station,
he spotted a sign,
That said, 'Sorry—NO GAS—'til about
half-past nine.'

"What's this?" asked Bill of his gas station man.
"Sorry," Ed said, "I've no fuel here on hand."

When all of a sudden, from behind the third pump,
Came a man and his camel that had but one hump.
"No gas? Do not fret. I've got barrels to sell—
In my back yard I have 98 gushing wells!"

"And who may you be?" asked the gas station man.
"I'm the great Sheik Enbake of the land called Gooran."
"And this gas—how much?" asked kind Ed munching cake.

Now the gas station man, he had but no choice.
And he paid Sheik Enbake as complaints he did voice.
And Ed, then in turn, charged poor Billy a buck
For each precious gallon, as he filled his car up.

And the winter then came, with its fierce howling wind.
"I'M FREEZING!" said Dok. "LOOK! THERE'S ICE ON MY SKIN!!"
"Well, I'll turn up the heat," said Bill breaking a stool.
"But you see, my dear Dok, we've run fresh out of fuel!"

Then a knock on the door was suddenly heard.
"It's a guy in a bed sheet! Man, he looks like a nerd!"
Bill then ran to the door. Oh, his knees, did they quake.
For, just as he thought, 'twas the greedy old Sheik.

"Can I sell you some fuel?" smiled the man with the camel.
"No one loves ice rooms, 'cept, of course, Dorothy Hamill."
"But we're broke," cried out Bill. "All our cash went for gas."
"Oh, tisk, tisk," said the Sheik. "Let's let bygones be passed.
There's no need for dollars and no need for blues.
Just give me your stereo, and Dok's running shoes.
And perhaps fifty albums." "What?!!" cried Bill. "All that stuff?"
"And the Whimp's water bowl — for now, that's enough."

Then 'twas off to each house, where he'd start out with "Howdy!"
'Fore he took things each loved, like Miss Fulmer's new Audi!
And Bob Mengel's t-shirts, he collected for years!
And the Walka's new shrubs, plus her spices! His beard!

And when spring finally sprung in the town of Baville,
All the townsmen were broke, specially Dok and her Bill.
"We've gotta do something," Bill said donning his hat.
(He'd have patted his stomach, but the Sheik had swiped that!)

"It's the gas and the oil," Bill told a town meeting.
"All the money for fuel has my bank account bleeding."
"But what'll we do," cried a little old man.
"I think," said our Bill, "that I might have a plan!"

And as Dok jogged around the Baville City Hall,
The Plan was revealed, then approved by them all.
And for months they sat working, 'fore instituting the scheme,
Which everyone thought brilliant—an American dream!

When the summer began, the Sheik reappeared.
"Gather 'round," cried the bandit: "Let's get summer in gear."
"But before you start driving, flitting 'bout like a sparrow,"
(Now the Sheik he did sneer), "Oil's fifty a barrel!!"

"You see," he went on, readjusting his sandals,
"My wife needs a new mink, our tub some gold handles.
And my son's now in grade school, so he'll need a noon meal
Which I'll cater from Sardi's, one day shrimp—the next veal."

"Well then, make it a hundred," yelled out Bill loud and clear!
"But that's double my price!. . . I can't. . . 'til next year.
Now come, how much gas, to make your car hum?"
Bill turned to the Sheik and casually said, "None!"

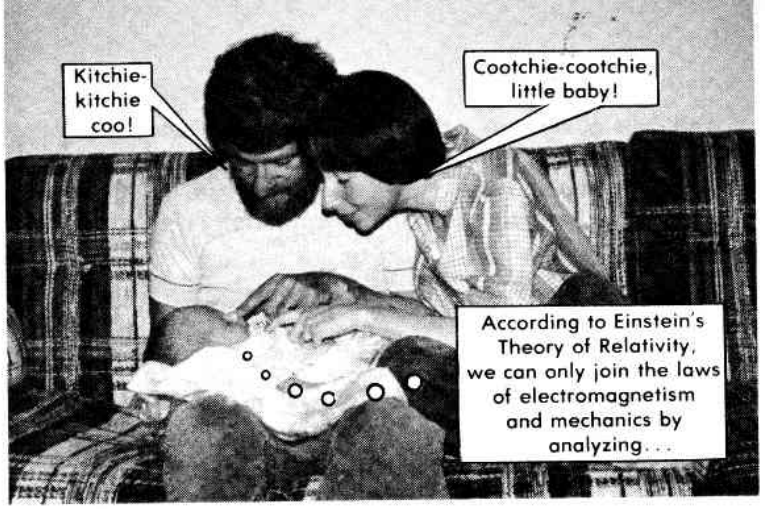
The Sheik was astonished. "You jest! You make fun!"
"Uh ah," said our Bill, "cause I'm using the sun!
And to power our homes, there's the wind, should it fail
For a brief fleeting second, then the Whimp wags his tail!"

"But what of my oil? Perhaps I was hard!
If I can't unload it, it'll ruin my back yard!
Without all your buying, my fortunes will slump.
I'll have to mortgage my home!. . .
Sell my camel's poor hump!"

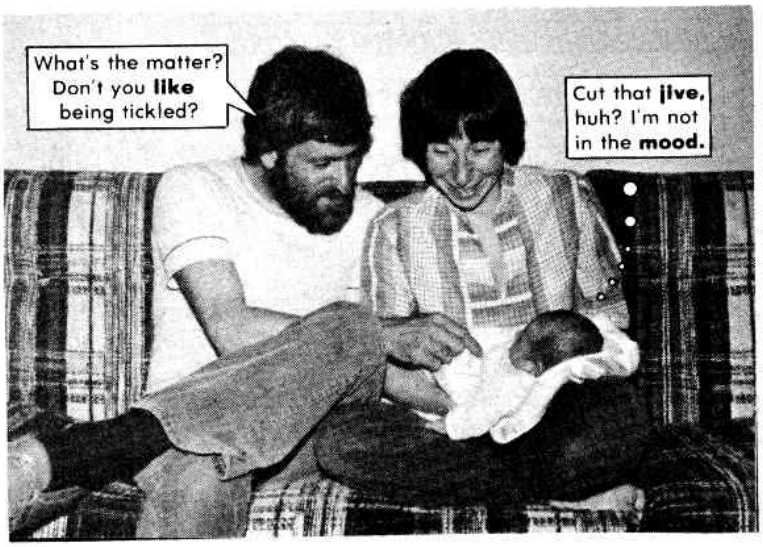
And Baville today is actually crude oil free
And Bill's only problem is ridding Whimp of his fleas.

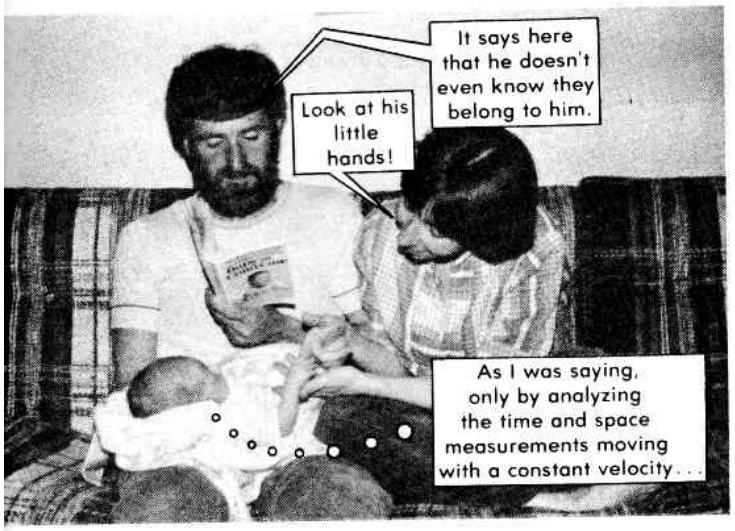
And the moral of this tale, is use the sun, at once, my friend,
So, to cash-hungry Sheiks, we can put an oily end!

PHOTOON


Kitchie-kitchie coo!
Cootchie-cootchie, little baby!
According to Einstein's Theory of Relativity, we can only join the laws of electromagnetism and mechanics by analyzing...

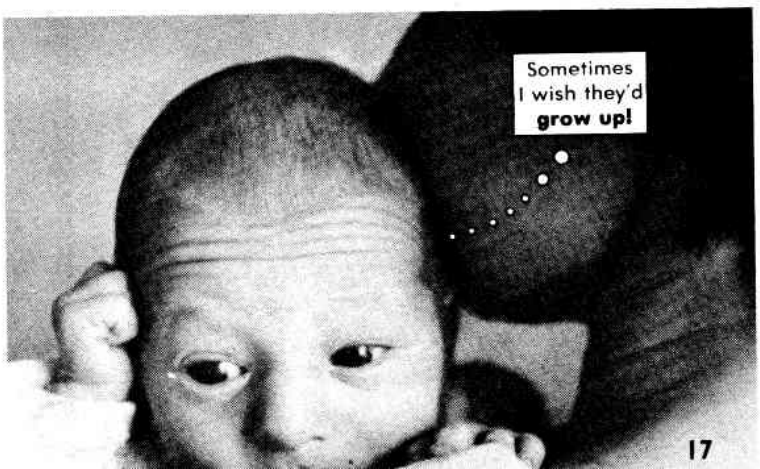
Do you want to play with your little **bear?** Look at his funny face.
Oh **brother!**


What's the matter? Don't you **like** being tickled?
Cut that **jive,** huh? I'm not in the **mood.**


It says here that he doesn't even know they belong to him.
Look at his little hands!
As I was saying, only by analyzing the time and space measurements moving with a constant velocity...

Here, listen to your little music box!
Oh, I am so **sick** of that stupid song!
Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree...

I think it's beddie bye time.
Time to go to sleepy-pie!
What a **relief!!**


Sometimes I wish they'd **grow up!**

Did you ever notice that when you deal with everyday people like lawyers, accountants and mailmen, that they're just not interesting to listen to. Now, it's not that what they're saying is unimportant—it's just that most of these people are so dry and humorless. Well, we decided that it was about time something was done about this, so to help all you farmers, milkmen and train conductors spice up your daily conversation, CRACKED now presents these

GAG LINES FOR EVERY PROFESSION

PLUMBER—

So what seems to be the **problem,** Mr. Plunger?

I've gotta **turn** your **water off** for a month while I locate a new **washer** I need to fix your pipes. Now, I know what you're wondering, "WATER we gonna do?"

WELL?

Yes. You could **dig** one.

But, Mr. Plunger!

This sort of reminds me of what the **faucet** said to the **sinkful** of **water.**

What was that?

You oughta be in **pitchers!**

Well, couldn't you fix the pipes some other way—maybe **clamp** them together?

Do I look like a **vice guy** to you? Trust me.

Well...OK.

Boy, are you dumb! Anyway, like the dry cleaner said to the **shirt,** "It's time for me to **press on.**" See ya!

GAS STATION ATTENDANT—

I'd like to **get** some **gas.**

Eat a **pepperoni pizza** before you go to **bed** tonight.

How about some **oil?**

Why? Are you thinking of **making** a **salad?** If you are, then go to the refrigerator—but DON'T open the door.

Why not?

The **mayonnaise** is probably **dressing.**

Can you **check** my battery?

Sorry, but I don't have a **pencil.**

Also, I have a **noise** under my hood.

I'm not surprised.

Why's that?

They just don't make **cars** like they **auto.** But if you're concerned, **read** this book.

What's a book written by **Thomas Edison** gonna tell me about my car?

Plenty. It's an **auto**biography.

CLERK IN A DEPARTMENT STORE—

Excuse me. Can you **help** me **out?**

Certainly. The **exit** is right over there.

No. I mean I want to know something about this **alarm clock.** Is it any good?

Well, in the industry, everybody is **tocking** about it.

How come the **front** is so **small?**

I guess the **manufacturer** wanted to **save face.**

Does it come with a **guarantee?**

Indeed. If it stops working after a month, you're **guaranteed** to be out **$29.95.**

Oh...well, I guess I'll **take** it then.

I'd prefer that you **paid** for it instead. Store policy.

Do you **deliver?**

What do I look like, a **stork?**

One last question before I go. Does this **store** have a **girdle** department?

Of **corset** does.

Thank you and have a good day.

SCHOOL TEACHER—

OK, everybody. Calm down. I have your **test results.**

Were they **marked** on a **curve,** Miss Horsenagel?

No, Teddy. On my **desk.** And speaking of results—Ted, you got 25 questions **wrong!**

But Miss Horsenagel, there were only **20 questions** on the test!

I know. I gave you **credit** for **missing 5 questions** I was sure you **didn't** know the answers to either.

Will this **affect** my **grade?**

Not in the least—it'll be the **same** as this year's; **6th grade.**

You mean I'm going to be left back—**stuck** in the **same seat** next semester?

Of course not! Having **seniority** we can **move you closer** to the **window.**

Thanks a lot!

Well, that's about it. So like the **fisherman** said when he **retired** from the **sea**—that's it for today **buoys** and **gulls.**

DOCTOR—

Well, Doc. What is it?

Frank, after examining you, I'm not **worried** at all.

That's a relief.

I was afraid that what you had might be **contagious** and **I'd** end up with it too ...but it's not.

Is it **serious?**

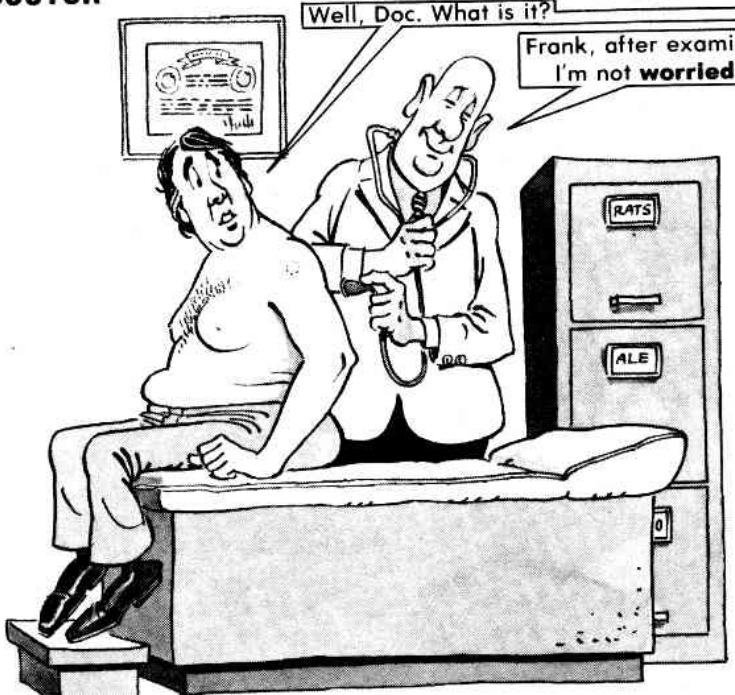
Well, picture your **liver** as a **debutante** being **introduced** to society for the first time.

Why's that?

It's **coming out.**

Are there any **risks?**

Some, but there's **no need** for **alarm.** My **malpractice insurance** is totally paid up!



TRAVEL AGENT

Well **HAWAII!!** Fine. My **husband** and **I** wanted to know if there are any **trips** available to **Bora Bora?**

VENICE it **convenient** for you to go? In March.

ODESSA laugh! **KENYA** go in October? March through September is very **popular.**

I'm afraid March is when my husband gets his **vacation.**

LIMA check it out for you. I'll call the woman at the **airline** and **ALASKA WATTS** what.

Excuse me, but do you always talk in **geographic terms?**

TIJUANA know why I **BABYLON** like **this?**

Why?

IDAHO!!

POLICE OFFICER

What seems to be the **problem,** officer?

It appears you **learned** to **drive** from **Evelyn Wood.**

You mean I was **speeding?**

Are you going to give me a **ticket?**

Well, as they say on that **razor** commercial—**"Got'cha!"**

You wouldn't want me to **cop-out,** would you?

But officer, I've **never** gotten a **ticket** before.

Well, you've got one now.

Please. How will this **look** on my **license?** I need it for my work. I'm a **lawn mower salesman.**

Well, all I can say is **sorry** and—MOWER POWER TO YOU!

WARREN SATTLER

WAITRESS

Anya suggestions?

Do you havea **haddock?**

And how'sa the **clam chowder** today?

Yeah. **Chew** all you want, but don't **swallow** anything here.

No, I took two **aspirin** this morning and now I'm feeling fine.

There's something **fishy** about it.

We'lla order **desserta** later—but abouta **bread.** Is shea **extra?**

No, it's on the **house.** So, while I go and get your **soup,** why don't the three of you **climb up** on the **roof** and take what you want.

HOW OFTEN HAS THIS HAPPENED TO YOU???

For weeks you plan a spectacular barbecue or outdoor party. Then, the big day finally arrives, and so does the rain! Teeming down for 14 hours straight, you're left with a houseful of disappointed guests and 150 lbs. of uncooked hamburger and hot dogs!

OR MAYBE THIS SOUNDS FAMILIAR...
It's bright and sunny when you step out of your door in the morning and, by the time you get to the bus stop, a torrential rain storm has descended upon you. Drenched, your shoes make a sloshing sound around the office all day!

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD PREDICT THE WEATHER JUST LIKE THE TELEVISION METEOROLOGISTS?

WELL NOW YOU CAN!!! WITH ROMCO'S BRAND NEW

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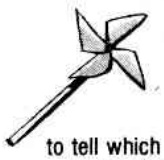
...A pin wheel



to tell which way the wind is blowing!

...A crystal ball

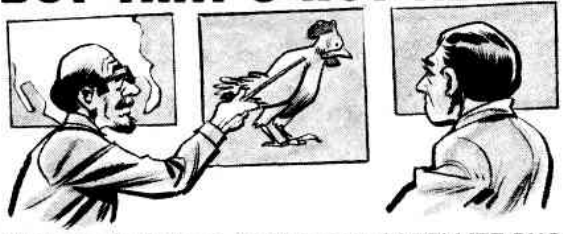
to see if there's rain in your future!

...Tarot cards AND, OF COURSE...A Ouija Board

to predict that big snow storm!

for the ever-popular FIVE DAY FORECAST!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!!!



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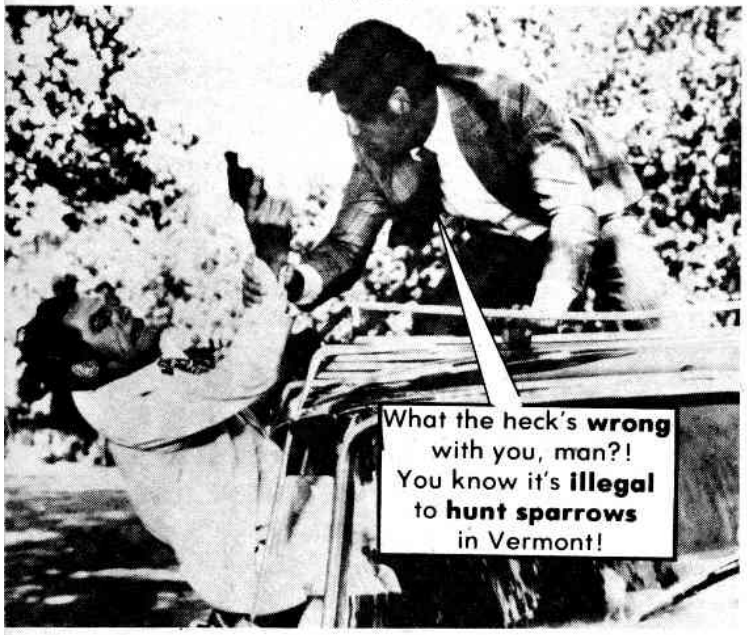
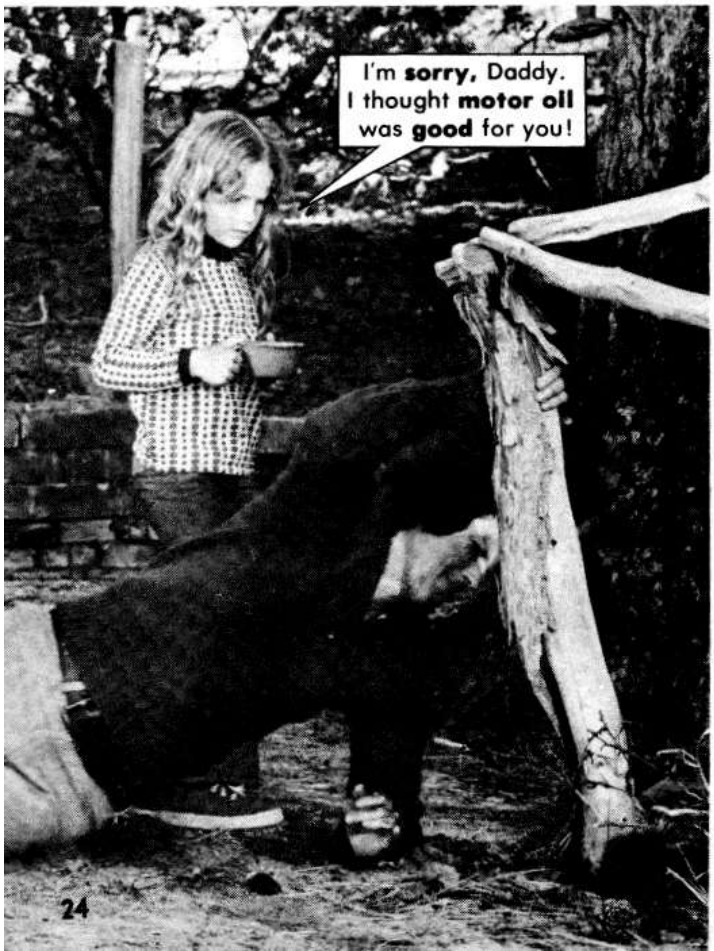
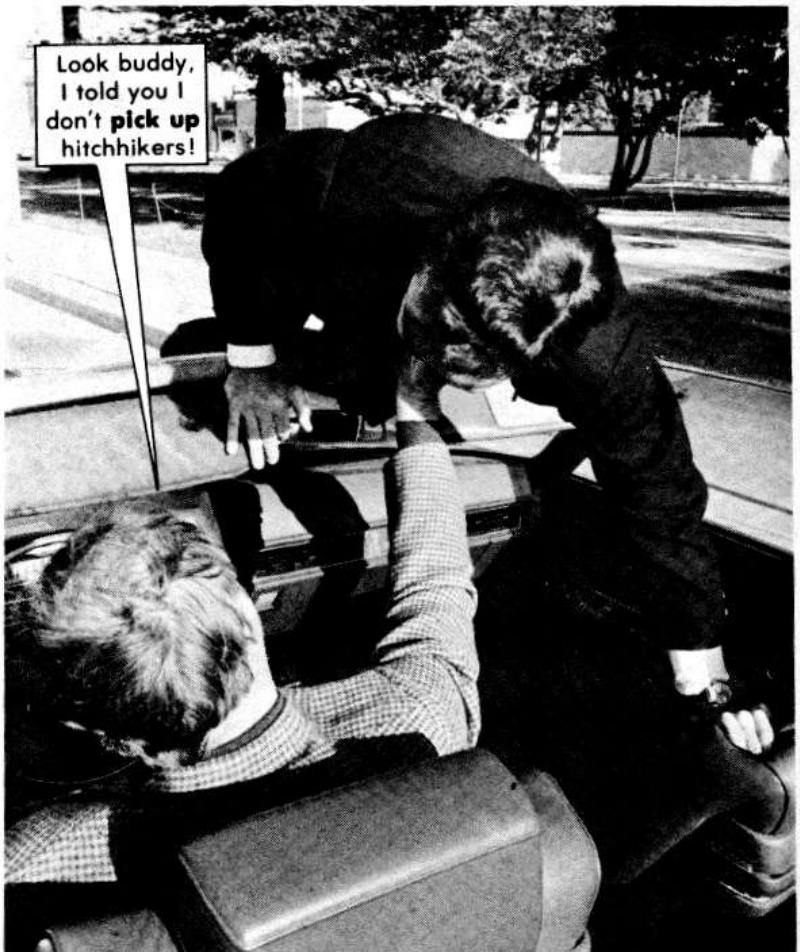


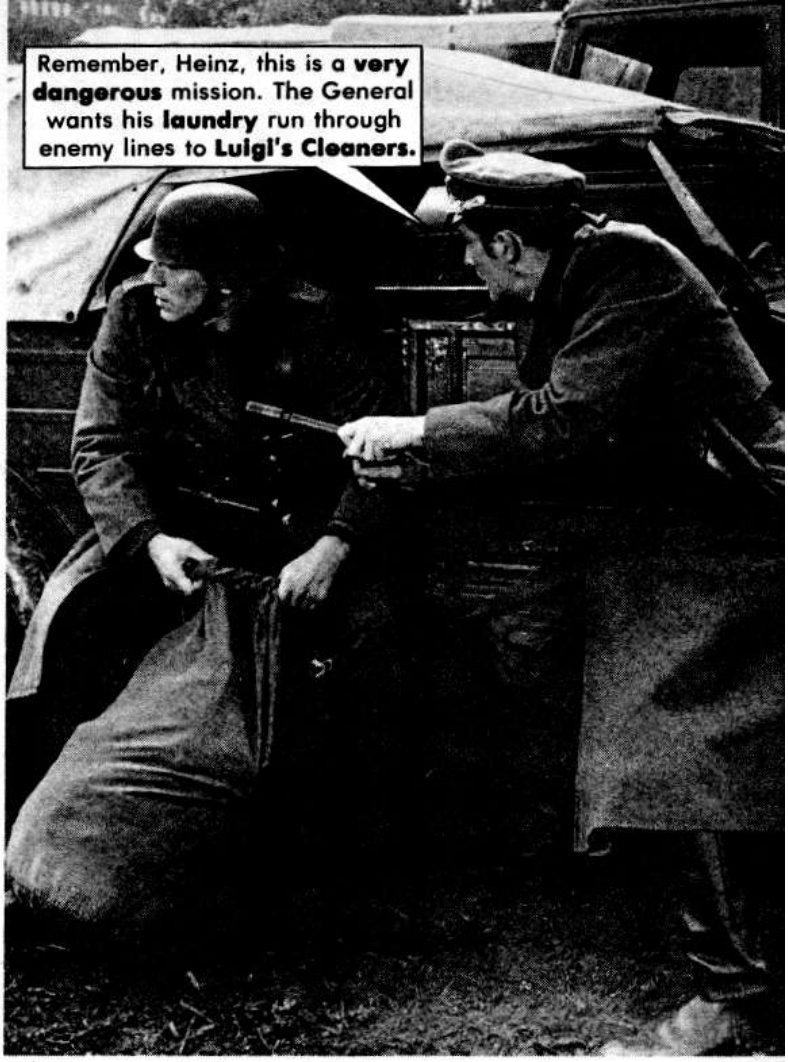
I know I haven't had much **success** with this **trick,** ,but don't worry, I think I've figured it out.
You're gonna have to **speak up** dear. The **barber** just **cut off** my **ear.**
Yes, Harry and Esther are here...but they're both **dead** right now. Can I take a message?

Whatdadya mean it's not a **Drive-Thru!?** It is **now!**
CARLING
Black Label


I'm **sorry,** Daddy. I thought **motor oil** was **good** for you!


Look buddy, I told you I don't **pick up** hitchhikers!

Ha Ha Ha!
"I'm not your **type.**"
That's a good one,
Mr. Lane.


Remember, Heinz, this is a **very dangerous** mission. The General wants his **laundry** run through enemy lines to **Luigi's Cleaners.**

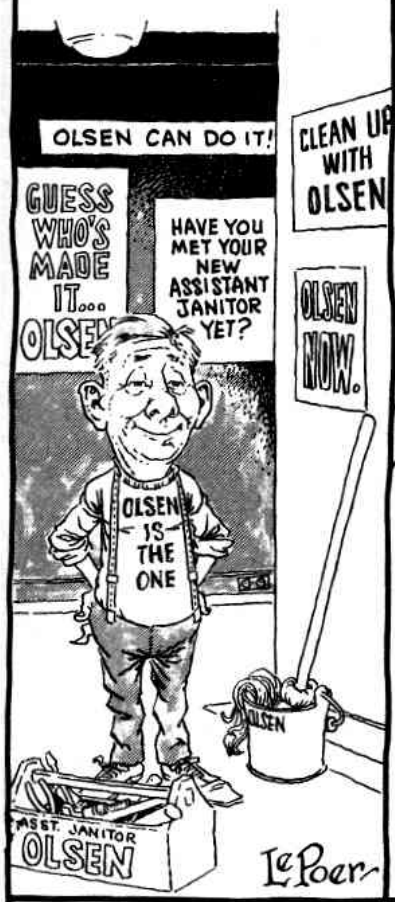
Don't yell at me,
Johnson—you're the
one who wanted **fish**
for dinner!

Don't give me that,
Sergeant! I saw you
sneeze in my **drink!**

Jeff, have you ever heard of a **mouthwash** called **'Stench-Free'?!**
Uhhhh. . . would you **believe** I just finished **collecting** for my **paper route?**
Oh well, he was just **slowing** us **down** anyway!

YOU'RE REALLY OVERDOING IT A LITTLE WHEN...

You **hire** a big P.R. **firm** to publicize your promotion to **Assistant Janitor.**



You put in the **varsity** (all 6'8" or taller) to play an **exhibition game** with the **junior high girls' team.**

You have your house **repainted** to **match** the color of your new **eyeglass frames.**

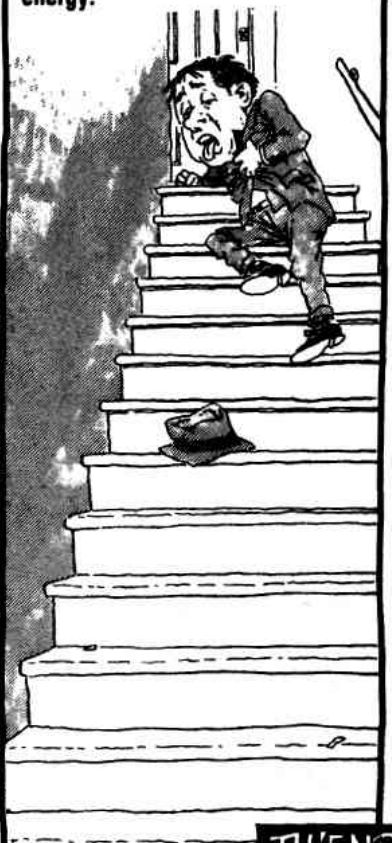
You rent a **tux** to wear when dining out at **McDonalds.**

You get estimates from six different decorators for **wallpapering** the **doghouse.**

You wash his car **windows** when the guy just drove up to your gas station to **ask directions.**

You sue a neighbor's **baby** for damages because he stuck his **tongue** out at you.

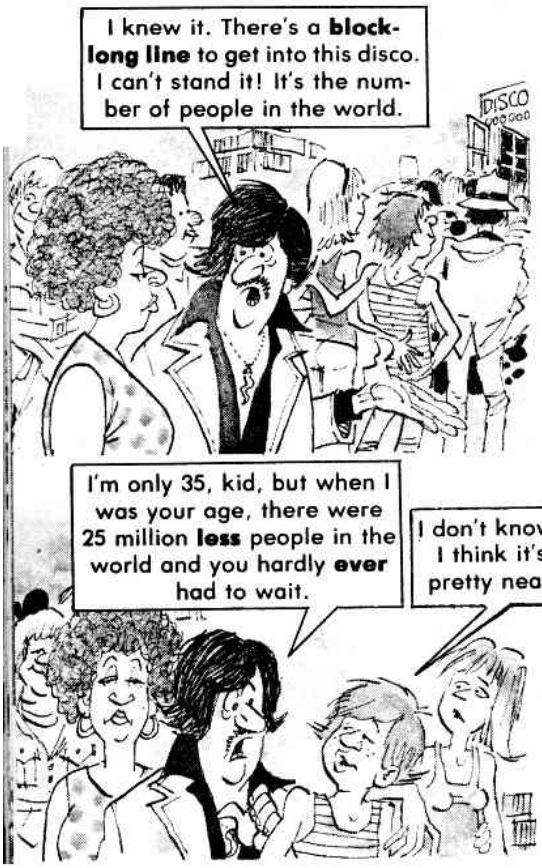
You **walk** up to your apartment on the 14th floor instead of using the elevator in order to **conserve energy.**

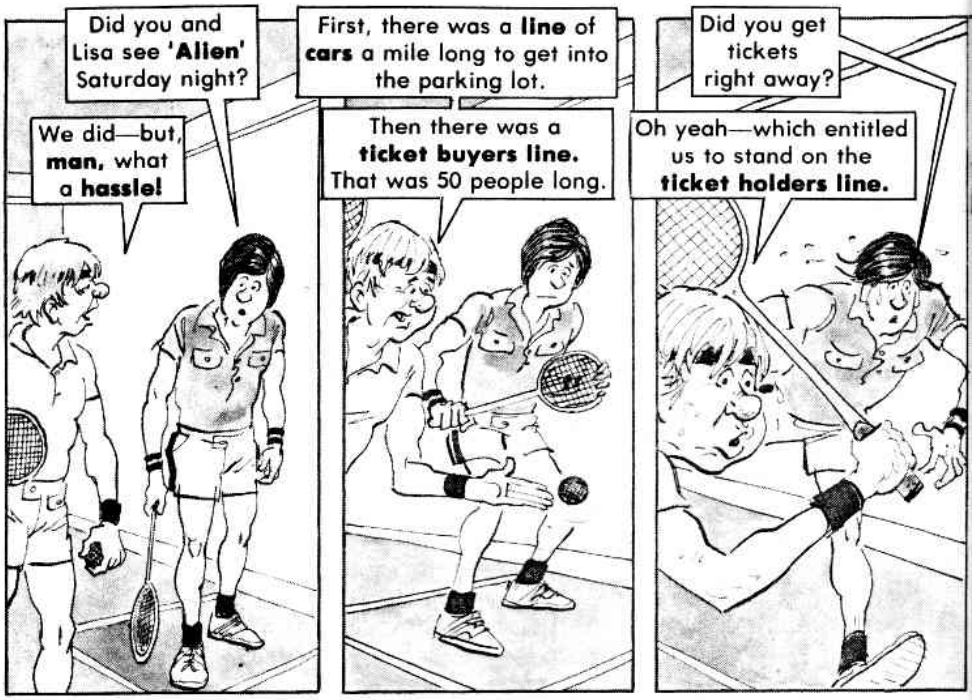


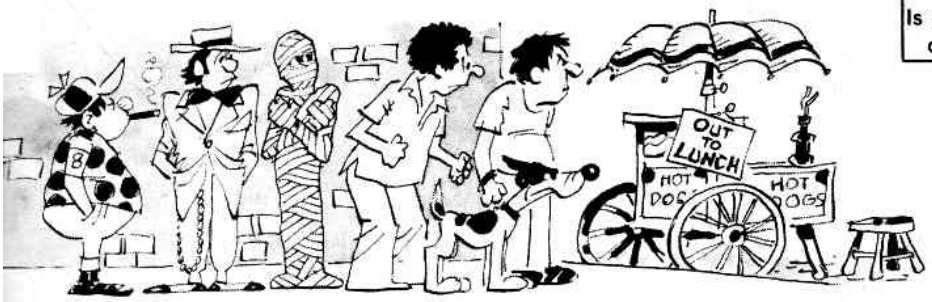
TH'END

CRACKED is trying to catch a cat burglar with a saucer of milk!

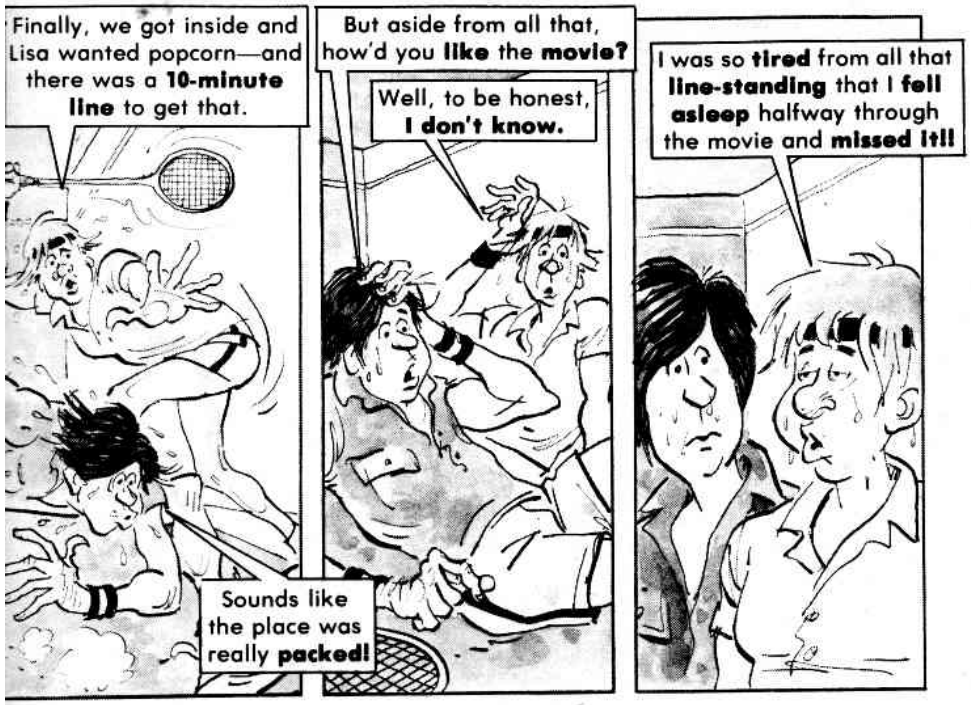
THE CRACKED W

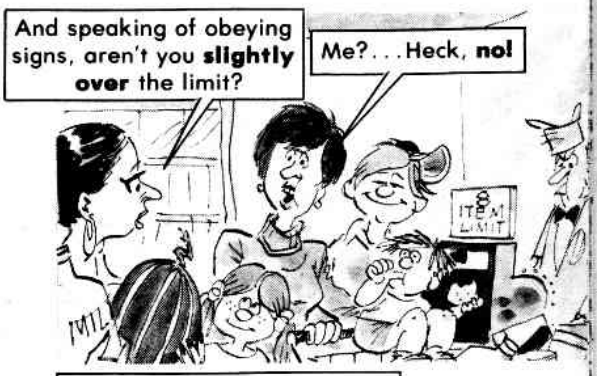






ORLD OF LINES





Let's see. I've got my sleeping bag and tent.
And I've got food and a radio!

Well. Well. I see you're going on a little expedition. Great! When I was a **boy,** I used to go **camping** all the time.
No kidding, Dad?

I guess that's it. The canteens and flashlights are on your back pack.
Well, guys, have a **great** time.
Thanks, Dad.

Oh wait! You almost **forgot** the **bug repellent.**
Don't need it, Dad.
But a weekend on the Slog River can be **ruined** without it—all those mosquitoes.
So who's camping out on a river?!

Tickets for **Fleetwood Mac** go on sale Monday morning and we wanna make sure we get a **good place** on **line!**

Well, here we go again.
You'd think for what they charge in tuition, the **least** they could do is spare you the **hassle** of having to **stand on line** to register every semester.
True, but that's a privilege reserved only for seniors.

I just hope all my courses haven't been closed out. I'm looking forward to taking 'Indian Ropemaking I' next semester.
Just keep your fingers crossed!

Holy horse mucous! We've been here **3 hours!**
Patience! We're **halfway** to the window!

And I've been waiting **2 weeks** to see this flick and...
Ladies and gentlemen, there is a **one hour wait** until the next show. Tickets may be bought now.

One hour wait!?! Why does everyone have to cluster in one place. Can't people spread themselves around—see other things?
Do you really wanna **stand** here that long?

Good evening. May I help you?
Yes. We have reservations for 8:00 under the name of Klongflutter.
Klongflutter? ...Oh yes.
RESERVATIONS

We're running a little late. If you'll just stand over there on that **reservations line.**
Line?
RESERVATIONS

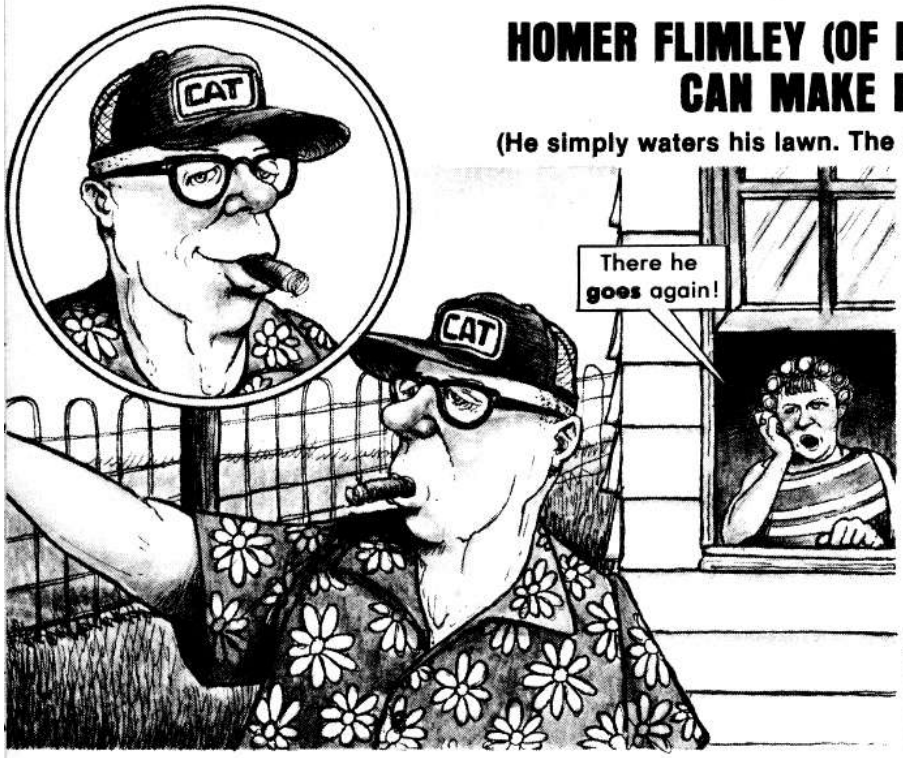
Line! **Line!** I can't **take** this!
Everywhere I go I've gotta wait on line!

6½ hours! When I think of all the time I'm wasting here. I could have cut three classes by now!
Stop complaining and get your stuff ready. You're next.
REGISTRAR
Well, we did it. We're all registered.
Yeah, but examining this whole situation, I think it's kinda sad.
What's sad?
That I probably spent more time today signing up for these classes than I'll actually spend sitting in them all next semester!
The small appliances are in the department over there.
My gosh! Look at the mob.
I knew there'd be a lot of people here. These automatic eyelash straighteners normally sell for $25, but they're on sale for only $4.99!
Hey, look! "Heidi Goes Hawaiian" is playing across the street. Let's go see that.
Yeah.
Well...
It got great reviews.
And my mother's cousin's cesspool cleaner saw it and loved it.
Yeah, but despite all that, I still say it's a turkey—el bombo!
There's no line to get in.
Why?
HEIDI GOES HAWAIIAN
You go stand by the cash register and I'll wait here and get the item.
JUNIOR MISS
Right!
Well, it took awhile, but we did it.
Yeah. Boy, did we come out ahead. We each saved over $20 on the item.
Yeah and only lost $40 taking the day off from work to get it!
Bluto, call the police.
We've got a maniac here.
Ahhhh!
OK, buddy. Into the station house.
Officer, I don't know what got into me. I just exploded! I guess it was the strain of everyday living. Surely this can all be straightened out without arresting me.
Well, you can tell it to the station Sargeant.
Fine, Officer. And where do I find him?
He'll be with you as soon as he can.
Just wait here on this line for him.
AAAAHHHHHHHHH!
KEEP IN LINE

MIRACLE WORKERS THE WORLD HAS NEVER HEARD OF ('TIL NOW)

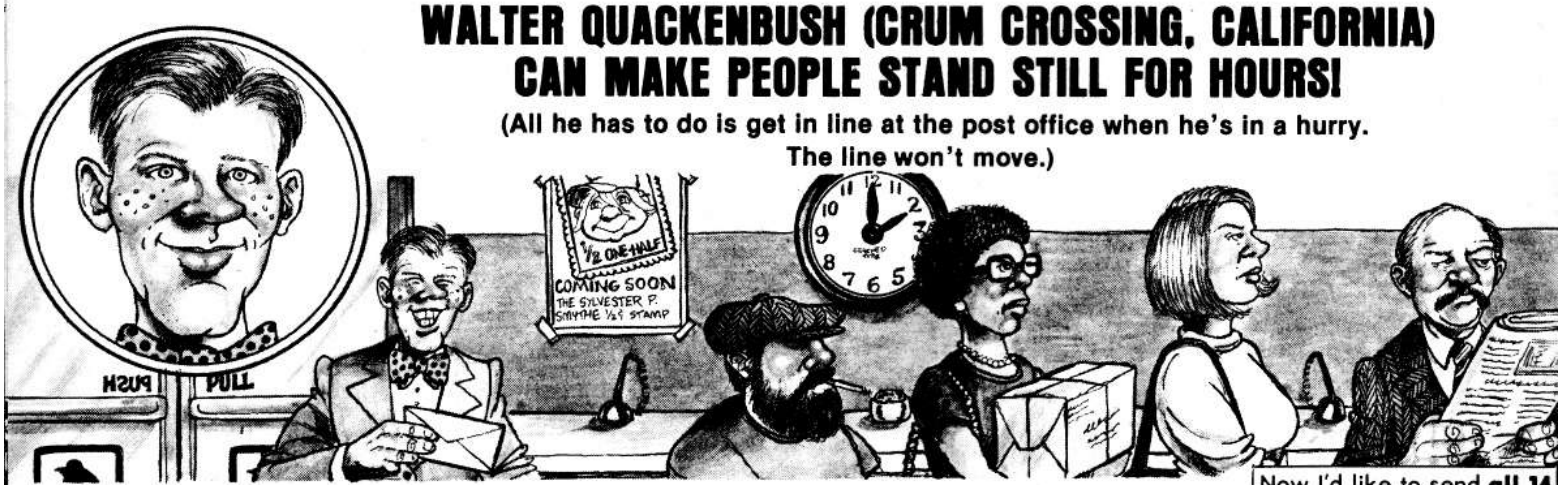
HOMER FLIMLEY (OF DRENCH JUNCTION, DELAWARE) CAN MAKE IT RAIN AT ANY TIME!

(He simply waters his lawn. The minute he's through, it *always* starts raining.)



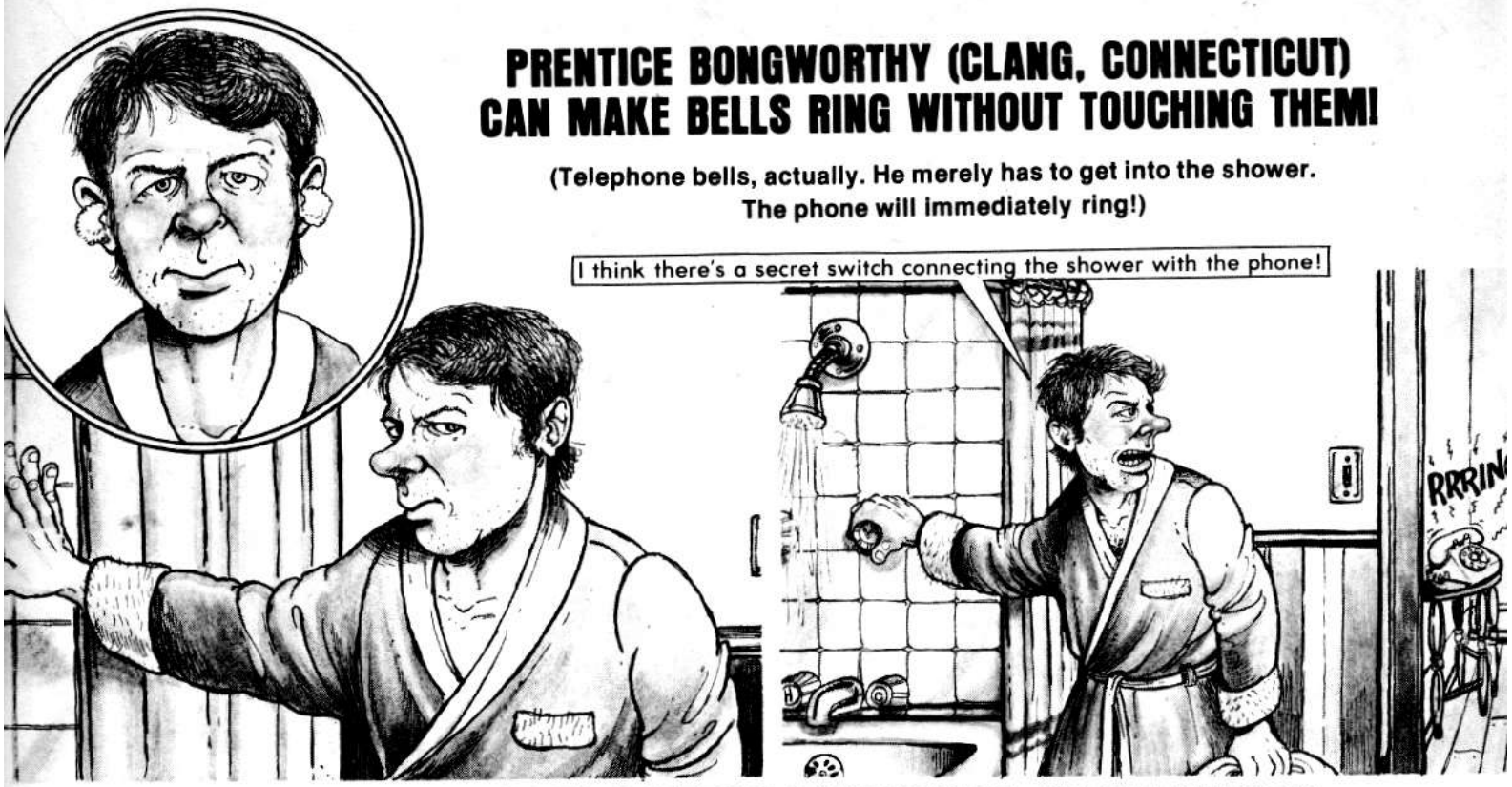
WALTER QUACKENBUSH (CRUM CROSSING, CALIFORNIA) CAN MAKE PEOPLE STAND STILL FOR HOURS!

(All he has to do is get in line at the post office when he's in a hurry. The line won't move.)



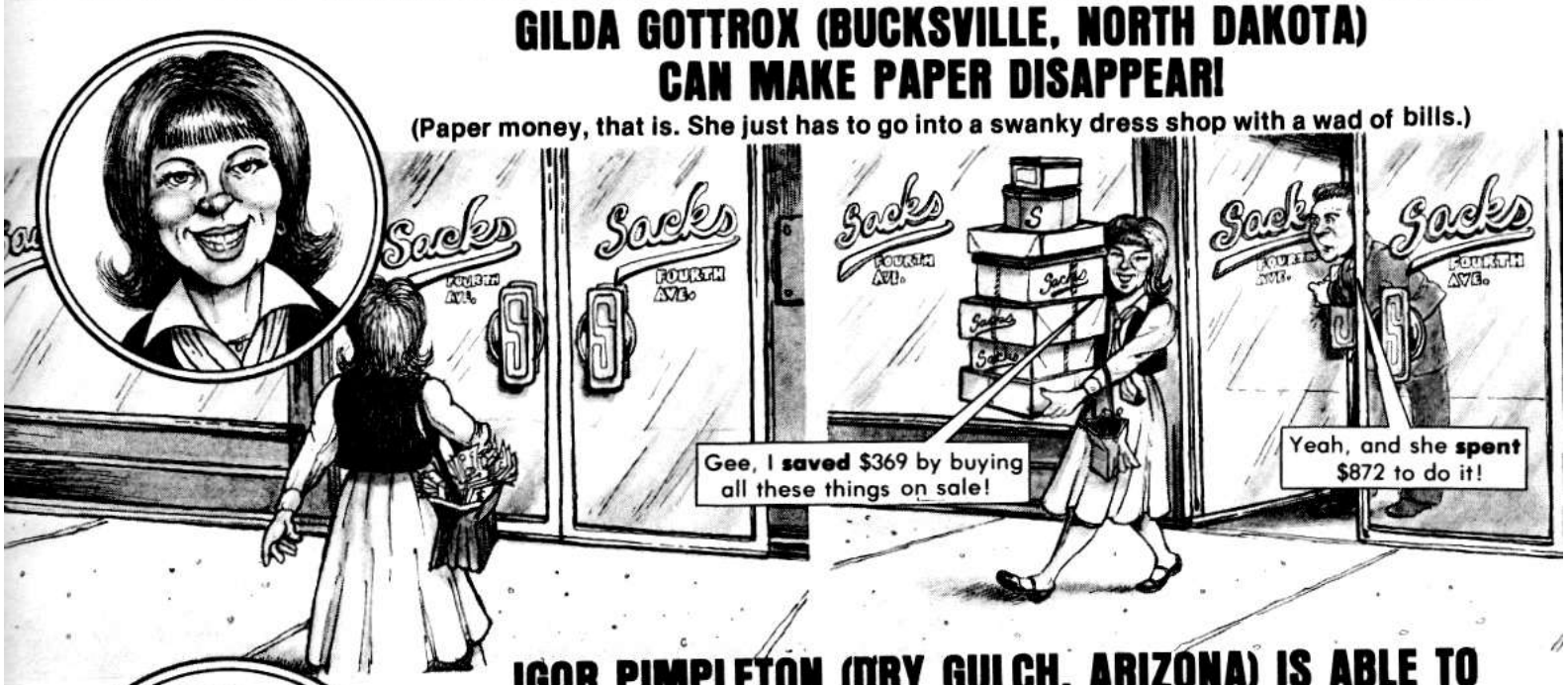
PRENTICE BONGWORTHY (CLANG, CONNECTICUT) CAN MAKE BELLS RING WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM!

(Telephone bells, actually. He merely has to get into the shower. The phone will immediately ring!)



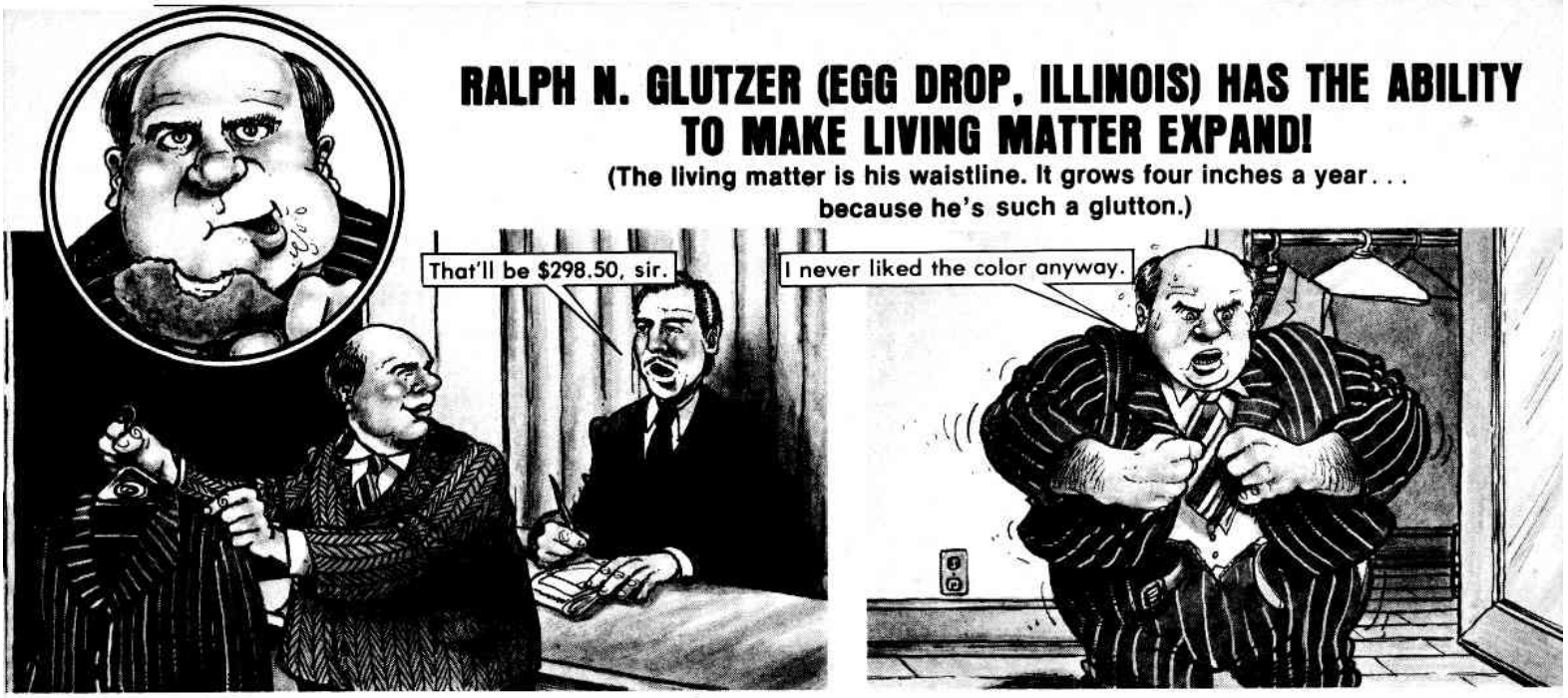
GILDA GOTTROX (BUCKSVILLE, NORTH DAKOTA) CAN MAKE PAPER DISAPPEAR!

(Paper money, that is. She just has to go into a swanky dress shop with a wad of bills.)



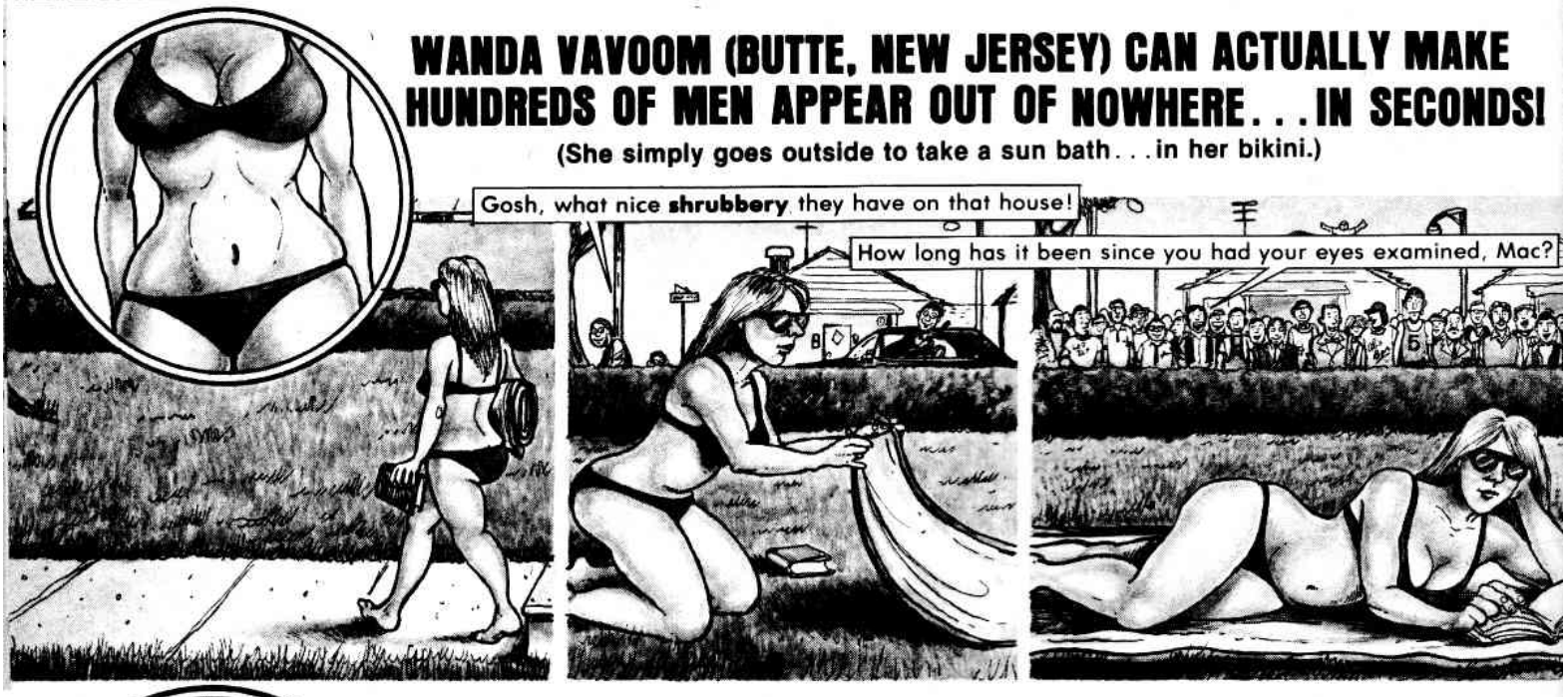
IGOR PIMPLETON (DRY GULCH, ARIZONA) IS ABLE TO MAKE HUGE OBJECTS FLY OVERHEAD FOR HOURS!

(The huge objects are airplanes. Whenever he takes a plane, it gets hung up for *hours* over the airport.)



RALPH N. GLUTZER (EGG DROP, ILLINOIS) HAS THE ABILITY TO MAKE LIVING MATTER EXPAND!

(The living matter is his waistline. It grows four inches a year... because he's such a glutton.)



WANDA VAVOOM (BUTTE, NEW JERSEY) CAN ACTUALLY MAKE HUNDREDS OF MEN APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE...IN SECONDS!

(She simply goes outside to take a sun bath...in her bikini.)

HERMAN MCSQUINT (DOODLE FALLS, TENNESSEE) CAN MAGICALLY ATTRACT AIRBORNE MISSILES!

(For instance; bottles, rocks, umbrellas and other things thrown by baseball fans. He's an umpire.)

In case you haven't noticed, most animals can't talk. But does that mean that a lizard, a raccoon or a budgie can't convey his feelings to you? Of course it doesn't. In fact, there are many ways for that mouse or ringworm of yours to tell you exactly how he's feeling as you'll soon learn in

CRACKED'S GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING YOUR PET

THE DOG — The dog, or 'bow-wow', as he is sometimes known, is probably the most owned pet in America (discounting the dead goldfish.)

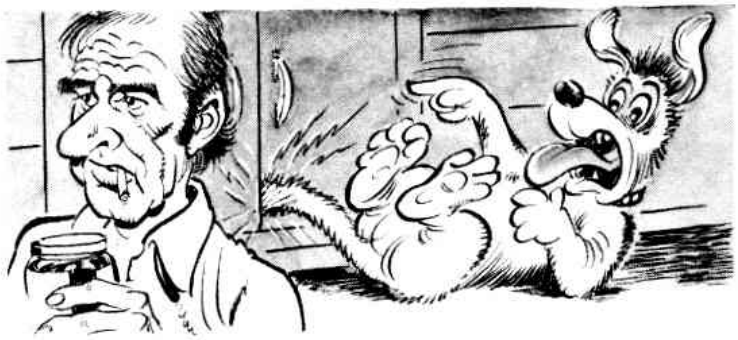
Now, it's true that some dogs do speak.

But this language is used mostly as the punchline for crummy old jokes that Cracked would never think of using.

In real life, canines communicate using subtle signals and signs that convey their wishes.

For example, this means your dog may be thirsty.

This means he's hungry.



This means something is bothering him.

And this means he doesn't wish to go for a walk at

Besides humans, this form of communication also occurs between two dogs.

This means, "This is my bone—get it?!!"

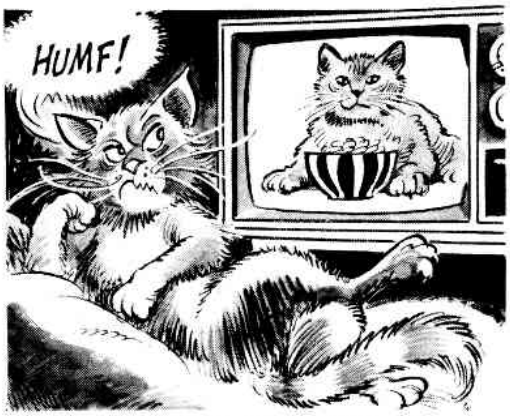
This means, "I love you!"

And this means, "I wasn't crazy about the parakeet my master just brought home as a second pet!"

CATS — Similar to dogs, cats also give signs, but their's are usually accompanied by a sound. This sound . . .

. . . means, "I don't want to be petted just now!"

While this . . .



. . . means, "How come he's on TV and I'm not?!!"

And this noise . . .

. . . means, "Don't expect me home for dinner tonight!"

Now the reason most pets try to signal something is because there's a problem. So, to eliminate these signals, all you have to do is take proper care of the helpless creature.

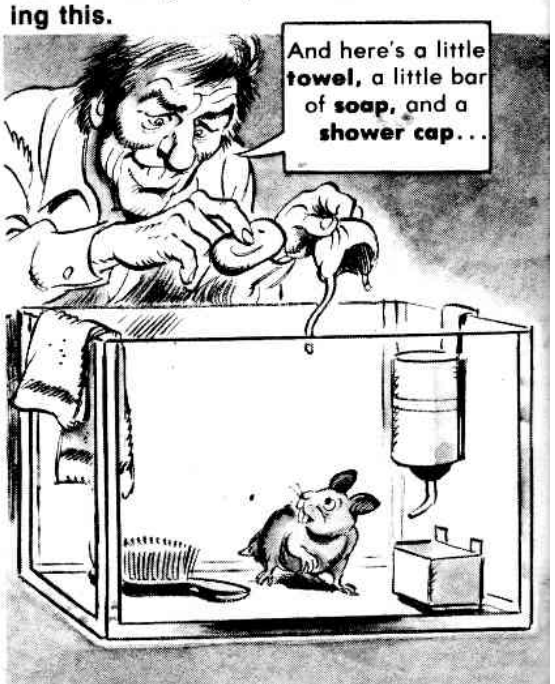
HAMSTERS

To make a hamster happy, throw him some lettuce every now and then.

But don't overdo it!

When cleaning his cage, don't place him in a new environment that may frighten him.

And because they like to keep themselves clean, provide them with the things they'll need for doing this.



Should your hamster not be happy with any or all of the things you have done, then look for a sign from him.

RABBITS — Moving along, let us now delve into the world of bunnies.

The easiest bunny to keep in a house is this type.

However, should you choose the second variety (the live type), remember that the thing that makes him happiest is breeding.

The best way to tell how a rabbit is feeling is by his ears.

This signifies unhappiness.

This signifies happy. (Or too much starch in his food.)

This signifies moody.

And this signifies that Fred Jr. has probably been using El Bunny for better TV reception again.

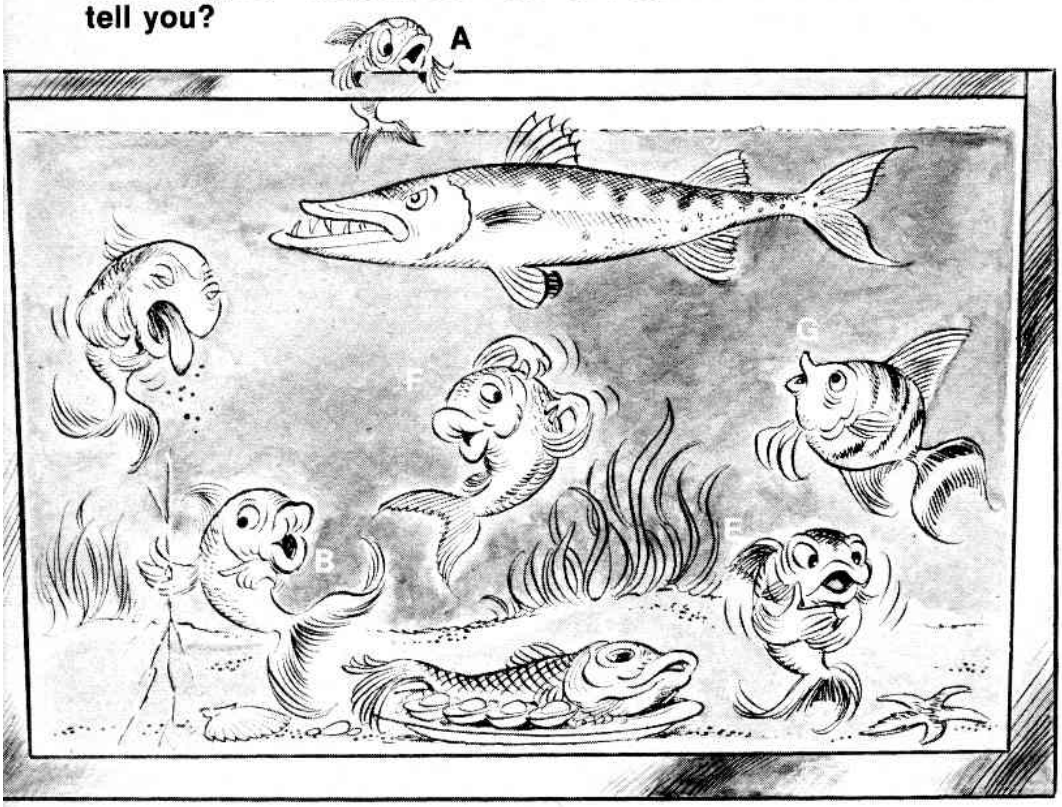
BIRDS — In the case of birds, there are many things to look for in the way of communication. Since most birds sing or chirp, a silent bird can signify one of several things.

Perhaps he doesn't like the size of his cage.

Or he's annoyed at you for something you've done.

And if you hear him chirping a whole lot, take this as a sign that something may be wrong.

TROPICAL FISH — So, how good is your understanding getting? Let's test it with our next subject—tropical fish. Can you guess what each of these little guys below is trying to tell you?



(A) "You wanna get this overgrown guppy out of here?!!"

(B) "Hey dummy, the tank's got a leak in it!"

(C) "I think the water in here is just a might too hot!"

(D) "You call these stale flies food?"

(E) "Can we get a little more oxygen in here?"

(F) "I think there's a fungus among us!"

(G) "What are all these letters doing in this tank?"

As we near the end of this guide, we realize that there are lots of pets we haven't even touched (but who'd want to touch a skunk or a pig anyway?!!) However, let us just remind you about one or two other things, like—

Turtles can be a wonderful pet, but make sure they're given to children old enough to treat them properly.

And if you're lucky enough to have a monkey, understand subtle signs he'll give—like when he's upset . . .

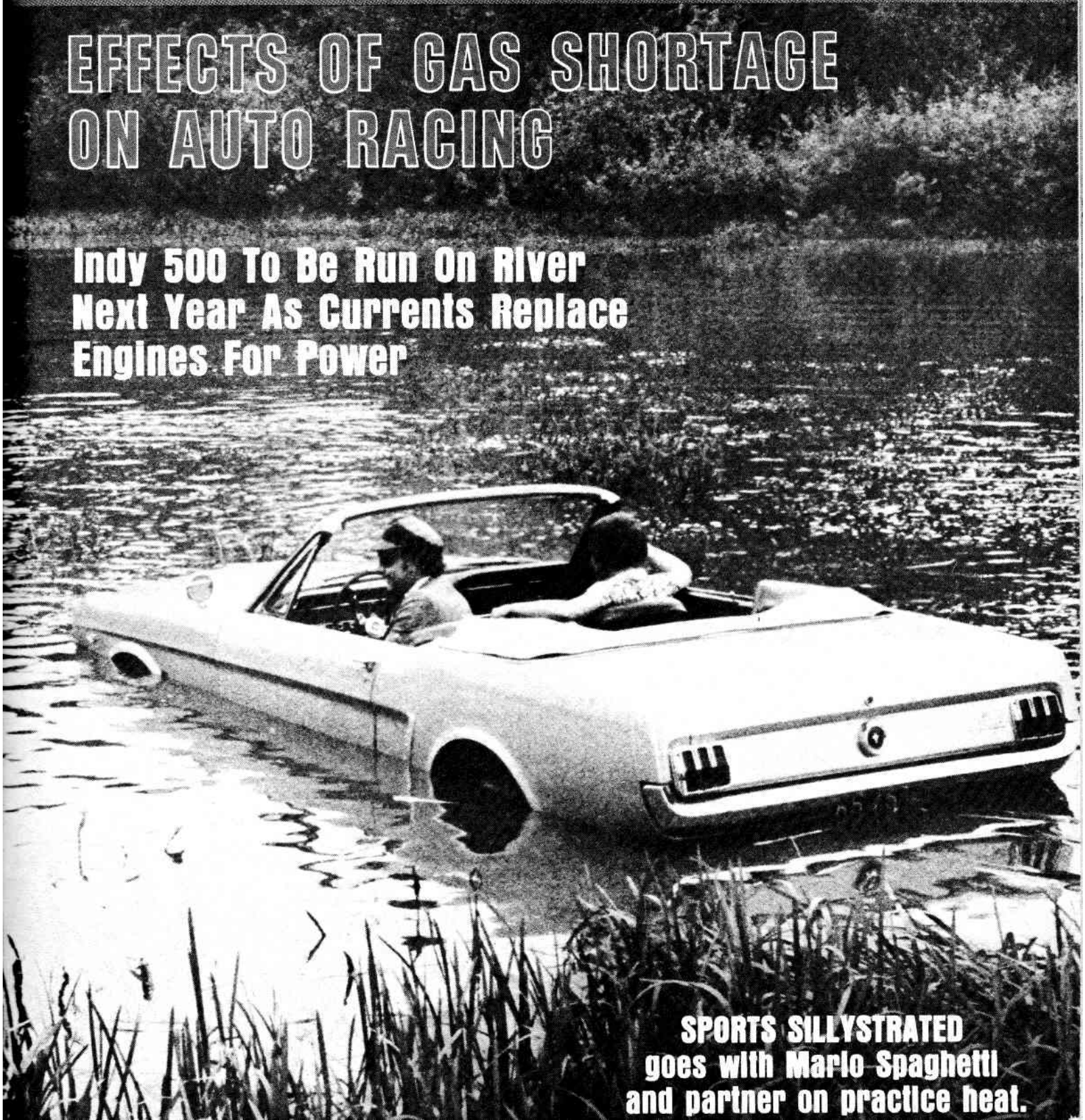
But above all, whether you understand him or not, show your animal love.

Sports Sillystrated

AUGUST 32, 1979 $1.29

EFFECTS OF GAS SHORTAGE ON AUTO RACING

Indy 500 To Be Run On River Next Year As Currents Replace Engines For Power



SPORTS SILLYSTRATED goes with Mario Spaghetti and partner on practice heat.

Whatever your sport you can play it better!

Learn from the best. SPORTS SILLYSTRATED's "How-To" books are written by some of the greatest up and coming athletes and chefs in America. Included in each are secrets, tips, laundry lists and it's all guaranteed to effect your game (maybe even for the better!) So pick your sport and mail the coupon below today.

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____**BASEBALL:** Includes tips on dressing; selecting a good locker; how to keep your socks up—more!

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____**FOOTBALL Vol. 1:** Concentrates on watching the game, showing you how to sit on a stadium seat, how to order hot dogs and drinks, how to avoid commercials (when watching at home.)

____**FOOTBALL Vol. 2:** Rehashes everything in Volume 1 and tells you what you'll find in Volume 3. A must!

____**CURLING:** Includes what home perm is best; which rollers for what style; more!

____**SMALL BOAT SAILING:** Language of sport; how to sail out of a capsize; how to navigate upside down when you don't.

____**BIG BOAT SAILING:** Includes terms, plus how to jibe; what to do with 3 tons of wood when you crash into the dock.

____**TABLE TENNIS:** Choosing a paddle; rules; how to jump over the net without breaking the table when you lose!

____**ICE HOCKEY:** Basic rules and equipment; how to make a back yard practice rink using the ice in your freezer.

____**GOLF:** Characteristics of putters, woods, irons, and washing machines; grip; swing; stance; how to stay awake during play.

____**SKIN DIVING AND SNORKELING:** How to select, fit and put on gear; how to rescue yourself; how to talk yourself out of trying the sport in the first place!

____**TRACK:** Tips on jumping, running, bending, mending, paining, aching and limping.

____**TRAINING WITH WEIGHTS:** Exercises for your arms, legs, thighs, eyes, spleen, liver, etc.

PLUS other volumes soon to be printed if enough interest is shown here (and later reflected in our bank account) including:

____**CHEATING AT CARDS**
____**BADMINTON**
____**SCOOTER TENNIS**
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____**GAME SHOW HOSTING**
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SPORTS SILLYSTRATED'S EXCLUSIVE COVERAGE OF THE 1979 FALL OLYMPICS

A hard look at the only annual Olympics in America

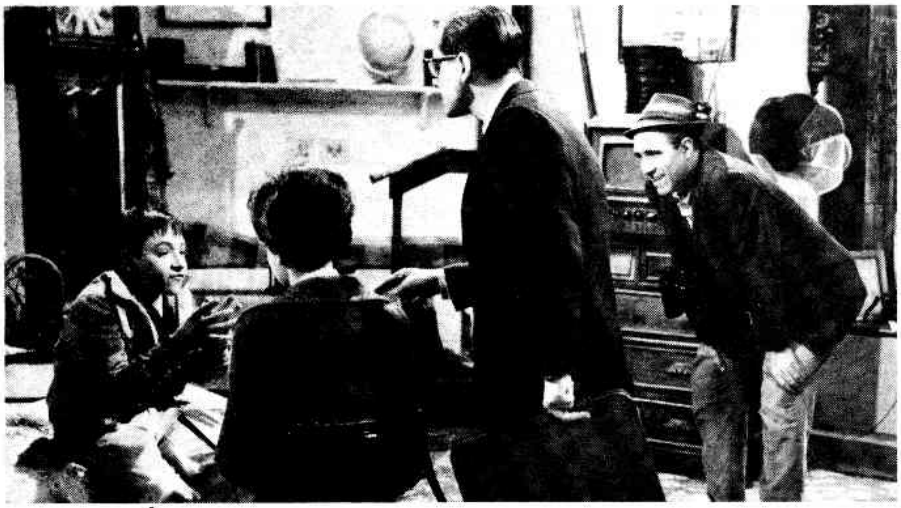
by I.M. NOTAGOODWRITER

With Montreal more than 3½ years behind, there was great anticipation in the air as the 1979 fall Olympics got under way last week at former football star Bluto Basher's "School-For-Not-Too-Bright-People."

The ceremony began with the traditional one block run of the Olympic torch (here, a non-operating flashlight since the incident of 2 years ago when the torch runner somehow managed to singe his hand on the ¼ watt bulb.)

Because Bluto understands the not-too-swift mental nature of his enrollees (many of them are children of his former football colleagues,) this Olympics has been set up especially with their pea brains in mind.

The first contest SPORTS SILLYSTRATED witnessed was the "2 Yard Fruit Feeling Event." Entrants had to run 2 yards (blindfolded) and then feel 3 pieces of fruit (a banana, a watermelon & a cherry) and state which fruit was which. Rodney Rinklemeyer (pictured at left) won the event with a record 6 hour, 36 minute time.



Rodney Rinklemeyer showing SPORTS SILLYSTRATED's writers the technique he used to win the 2 yard fruit-feeling event.

Following "Fruit Feeling" was "Bobbing For Water", "The Remember-Your-Name-While-Chewing-A-Piece-Of-Gum" competition and the older girls "Pillow Toss."

"Yes sir," said Bluto between the "Two-Legged Race" and the "Drinking-A-Whole-Glass-Of-Tomato-Juice-Without-Wetting-Your-Uniform" competition, "judging from the mental ability of this year's students, we should be turning out some first-rate, pro ball players in the near fu-*(continued on page 107.)*

THE AROUND-THE-WORLD MARATHON

SPORTS SILLYSTRATED takes you on the greatest endurance race ever put together.

By M.I. Tired

It was billed as the greatest marathon race ever!

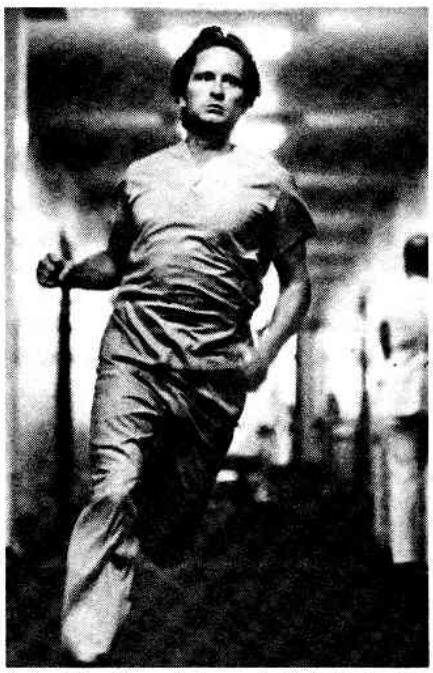
Bigger than Boston and longer than the Cross Guam and back relays, Dr. Ida Shol had planned the event for more than five months.

Entrants from around the world were invited to participate with first prize being a solid gold Adidas sneaker tongue.

The course: start from Dr. Shol's 20th floor penthouse apartment in Eyemwearinga, New Jersey — jog to New York — across to England — through Europe and Asia — over to Japan — through all 8 Hawaiian islands — across the U.S. and back to Ida's kitchen. If needed, participants could use boats or any other transportation to get across damp running areas, but at all times they had to keep moving. A person could also eat, sleep and rest, but only if both feet continued to jog while doing so.

In all, 12,067 runners started from Dr. Shol's apartment. At the sound of the gun, participants scrambled through her massive living room, out the grand foyer and towards the apartment house elevators. Many, wanting to get an early lead, raced for the 5 stairwells, while 3 Japanese entrants arranged with friends

(Continued on next page)



Entrant Dr. Timmy (cute-as-a-button) Meyers starting the race down Ida Shol's hallway. Asked why he was dressed the way he was, Dr. Meyers replied, "I had forgotten when the race was and had scheduled a tonsil transplant for that morning. By the time I finished, I barely had time to get to the starting line, let alone change!"

Below, Dorothy Glassman of Bayville, N.Y. (running in an outfit especially designed for her by Mr. Bill of Locust Valley) reaches the halfway point in Korea, as she jogs through a group of American soldiers stationed there.

ahead of time to have nets ready below Ida's bedroom window so they could jump (while still jogging) to the ground below.

The 18-month race had many exciting highlights. Janey May Berry of Topeka, 6 months pregnant at the start of the marathon, gave birth to a 7 lb. ½ oz. baby boy, a third of the way through Switzerland. "That really cut into my running time for a few days," Ms. Berry told S.S.

87-year-old, Walt Kuscick, who had taken an early lead, fell far behind in Japan when he misread a sign in Tokyo. "To eliminate unnecessary weight, I had left my glasses at home," recalled Walt. "Unfortunately, without them, I couldn't see a thing and ended up running around the same block in Tokyo 31 times before realizing the funny little sign that I mistook for directions was really a Colonel Yasoto Fried Rice billboard."

Winner of the historic race was Leon Idadown who logged a record 18 month, 2 week, 3 day, 4 minute and 12 second time for the course.

Second, was the amazing Janey May Berry and third, a surprise, Janey's newborn son, Gerry. However, judges later disqualified Gerry, ruling that he had been carried in the beginning by Janey May and was therefore an illegitimate entry. **END**

Sylvia Saunters being disqualified and carted off by two judges halfway across the Pacific for stopping the up and down jogging motion the rules stated you must maintain. "I had taken a row boat over from Ibrokathe, China, but the combined rowing and jogging motions, I guess, just proved to be too much for me."

SPORTS ROUND UP

A look at the week of August 27-32

* 50th Annual Slog City Knee Holding Competition was won by Lester Lupner (pictured 3rd from left) (or first on the right). Winning time was 3 days, 4 hours flat. Judges later revealed Lester's winning secret—he had frozen to death in that position 2 days after the event began, assuring himself of the '79 title.

* This week, Yankee manager Billy Martin was fired on Monday, replaced by Dick Lemon on Tuesday, rehired on Wednesday, fired on Thursday, and replaced by a chimpanzee on Friday.

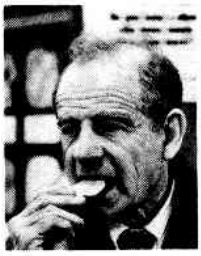
* Accomplishment of the Week: Too poor to afford a gun, Ben Bearded has managed to go on and become a championship skeet shooter anyway, using nothing but his mother's meat and vegetable ax. "The hardest thing," reports Ben "is getting a double skeet. I have to catch the ax and toss it right back up before the second skeet disappears!"

* Thousands leave Toronto's Blue Jay's Stadium as team officials declare "Straw Hat and Suitcase Day" a rousing success. Plagued by drooping attendance, the team's management has been trying numerous promotions and giveaways, most with amazing success. Next month, a "Matching Scarf & Lawn Sprinkler Day" is planned.

FACES IN THE NEWS

JACK FOGEL
BOISE, IDAHO

Overall winner of the greater Boise Bird Rodeo. Jack won 1st place in bird roping and budgie branding as well as second place in the knotting and calling competitions.



DOUG CASO
LITTLETON, COLORADO

Doug, 24, has set an indoor record of running a mile in just 2 minutes flat. Will he try to beat the record? "No," said Doug, munching on a potato chip. "All that training really takes its toll on a guy."

CLAUDE KANE
KENNING, VERMONT

Named 5th assistant coach of the Kenning, Vermont All-Girl Bowling Team. Some say that Kane rose this far in just 20 years due to nepotism (his sister is sweat sock sorter for the team) but Claude denies it.

VALERIE MADDEN
DRAPER, UTAH

Disqualified from the 10th annual Soo City Spear Chucking Competition even though she had chucked a record 200 yards. Seems Ms. Madden had chucked the spear at her boyfriend, spotted necking in the stands with her best friend.

RUSTY FORBES
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

In the Masters of Parachute Jumping, Rusty came in 1st place for longest free-fall ever. Although he initially tied with Mildred Metzelbaum, he went on to break the record by landing into an open manhole and continuing his fall for another 80 feet! Randy, as you can see, was thrilled with the victory.

SCOTT LEWIS
DIRTY DOG BEACH, FLORIDA

Scott, 32, set a record for being caught by the biggest Buffalo fish ever recorded—18 lb. 12 oz. Scott (pictured here after fighting his way out of the fish) plans to return next month and try to break his own record.

I DARE YOU TO CALL THIS A REGULAR BATTERY... AGAIN

I mean it. You think I just say this because they pay me? No way, man. I feel very strongly about batteries. I'm not kidding around. I mean, at least I don't **think** it's a regular battery. It sure **looks** like a regular battery though, doesn't it. . . What? It is a regular battery? And you want to step outside to prove it? Listen, maybe I'm wrong, but you're on! The manufacturer wouldn't lie to me. True, they pay me good money to say this, but they wouldn't **lie.**

So, come on. Let's step outside, while I've still got one good eye left to find you with.

NEVEREADY POWERCELL – Well, O.K., maybe it IS a regular battery.

Greetings. Nanny Dickering here, trying to get this inflatable raft wrapped up for my nephew Dickie's birthday. And while I struggle with it, I guess I should inform you that this month, if I ever get out of this mess, we'll be investigating the glamorous world of TV as

CRACKED® INTERVIEWS THE GAME SHOW KING

Hi. I'm Nanny Dickering for CRACKED Magazine. Are you **Mr. Chuck Embarris,** the **game show king?**

That's **right,** for **10 points!!**

Yup, you are.

And now would you like to try **guessing** my **waist size** and maybe win this fabulous **bacon straightener!?!**

No thanks.

I didn't think so. **Who** wants **straight bacon** anyway?

A FREE-BEE FROM THE JIP-U OFFICE SUPPLY CO

SUPPLIED BY THE BRING BACK THE Z CORP.

Chuck, your game shows are known for having that **extra something** that makes them a hit.

Yes, Nanny.

Just **what is** that twist?

I **degrade** and **humiliate** the contestants.

PROVIDED BY POTBOILER ART STUDIO

I mean, any game show can have a vice-president of a major corporation with 10 kids come on and know the answer to how many **teeth** Plato had. But only Chuck Embarris can get that same man to **bob** for **goldfish** on national TV while **dressed** as **Florence Henderson.**

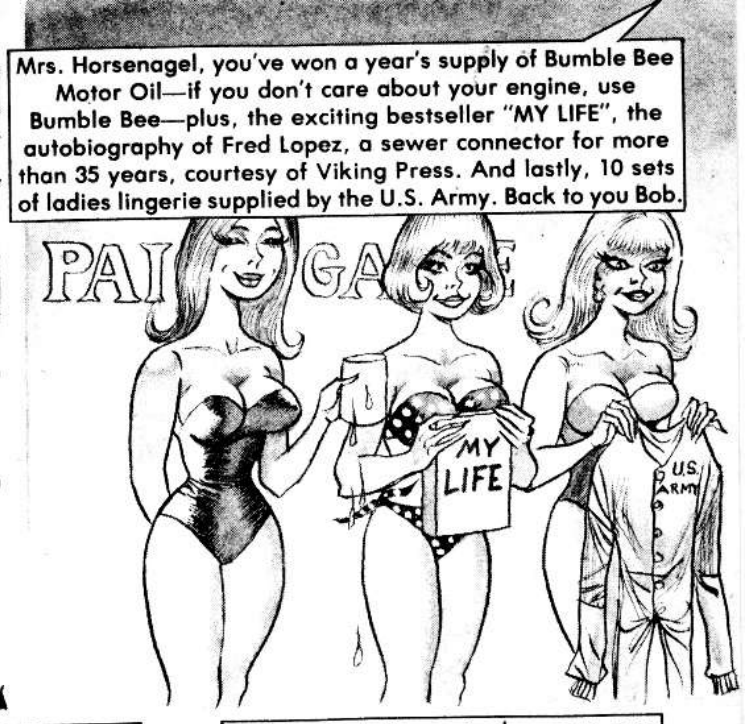
THE GOBBLE THE GOLDFISH GAME

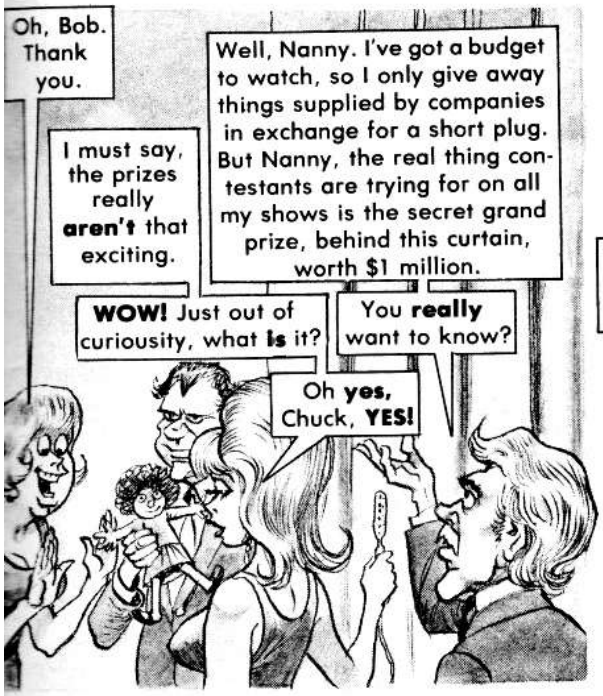
How degrading!
Yes, isn't it though?
Tell me. What do men like that usually do with their winnings?
Oh, little things.
Like?
Like pack... move to Latvia... change their names ...try to start life anew...
COMING THIS FALL CHUCK EMBARRIS PRESENTS— "IT PAYS TO BE UGLY"
It must be hard to attract new contestants then.
Heck no. Thousands apply each week because of that one thing that's built into every human being.
The longing to appear on national TV?
No. GREED!
CONTESTANTS APPLY HERE
How do you go about selecting a contestant?
It's really quite simple. We give each applicant a series of intricate tests. Come I'll show you.
WOMEN CONTESTANTS IN THE "DATED GAME" -BE SURE TO CARRY MACE, GUNS, KNIVES, ETC.
PLEASE MR. EMBARRIS... PICK ME FOR THE NASFAU GAME!
First, there's the general knowledge exam.
OK, applicants. Can you tell me where the first bakery opened in the U.S.?
On the yeast coast?
No. No! It was Rye, N.Y.!
1871— Plymouth, Massa-chusetts.
Then we see how they photograph through a TV camera.
Z Z Z Z
We then proceed to test how they react to winning a fabulous prize.
CONTESTANT TESTING

Mrs. Flimmish, you've just **won** an all-expense paid one way trip to Uganda!
AHHHHHH!
Mr. Scrone, you've won a complete collection of **Yugoslavian 'postage due' stamps!!**
No!!...**You're kidding!** Just yesterday I was telling my step-dog that I wanted to start a **postage-due collection. Wow!**
Mr. Klong, you've won a 1980 Silver Cloud **Rolls Royce,** complete with **TV, stereo** and **rollaway bed!!**
THE PRICE IS RIGHT
CONTESTANTS
BE SURE TO SCREAM, SHRIEK AND ACT SURPRISED WHEN YOUR NAME IS ACCIDENTALLY DRAWN
What **color** is it?
And lastly, we ask them if they know the rules of the game.
The rules? Ah, no.
Gosh, I've **never seen** your show. It's on the same time as "The Young Psychotics."
Yes, I know the rules. Would you like me to recite them in **English** or **Sandscript?**
And then our production staff makes a decision.
Well, it's **obvious** who'll be picked—Mr. Klong! He's knowledgeable, knows the rules, photographs well...
True, **Nanny.** But he was too **normal.** Not **once** did he **scream**...or **jump**...or **kiss** the announcer.
You mean, in order to make it on to one of your shows, you gotta...
...have a **big mouth!** Right. Otherwise viewers will think they're watching the G.E. College Bowl.
I'm sure my readers would **love** to know which of the current TV game shows running are yours.
Oh, sure. Come this way. My three biggest hits are being taped right now.
WE WON!
First, there's the **PONG SHOW.**
What are the rules to that one?
Contestants must guess the **exact weight** of **five airedales** before an entire jar of honey has dripped onto a ping pong ball being balanced on their foreheads.
PONG show

The audience certainly **seems** to be enjoying it.
Well, we made **sure** of that.
You **asked** them to jump, laugh and scream like that?
Oh yes. And then to insure that they do, we set off tiny **electric charges** hidden in their seats.
Now, in this studio, we're taping **THE DATED GAME** which starts it's 9th year this month.
To what do you attribute the co tinued success of the show?
To the fact that in 9 years the **I.Q.** of the **average** person watching TV has **dropped** significantly.
Well, where do you rate it now
Somewhere between that of a **parrot's** and a **brain-damaged caterpillar.**
GAME
What's happening here?
A hidden camera is catching unsuspecting husbands saying sweet nothings to our beautiful model who we've sent over to flirt with them as their jealous wives look on.
Well, what's the game aspect?
MONITOR
A panel of practicing interns must guess, beforehand, the **bodily damage** that'll occur when the husband and wife meet after our little stunt.
Come on!...Really **fling** that chair!...I'm going for a semi-concussion.
And then there's my newest and most successful show—**THE PAIN GAME.**
I've never seen this one.
Then allow me to explain.
Contestants are hunting in that replica of Tarzan's jungle for valuable prizes.
There's **gotta** be some catch.
Oh, it's minor. Each prize is hidden among some unsprung **bear traps** and if the contestant isn't careful...
AHHHHH!
Uh oh. That woman just **lost** 3 points.
Not to mention her **Index finger.**

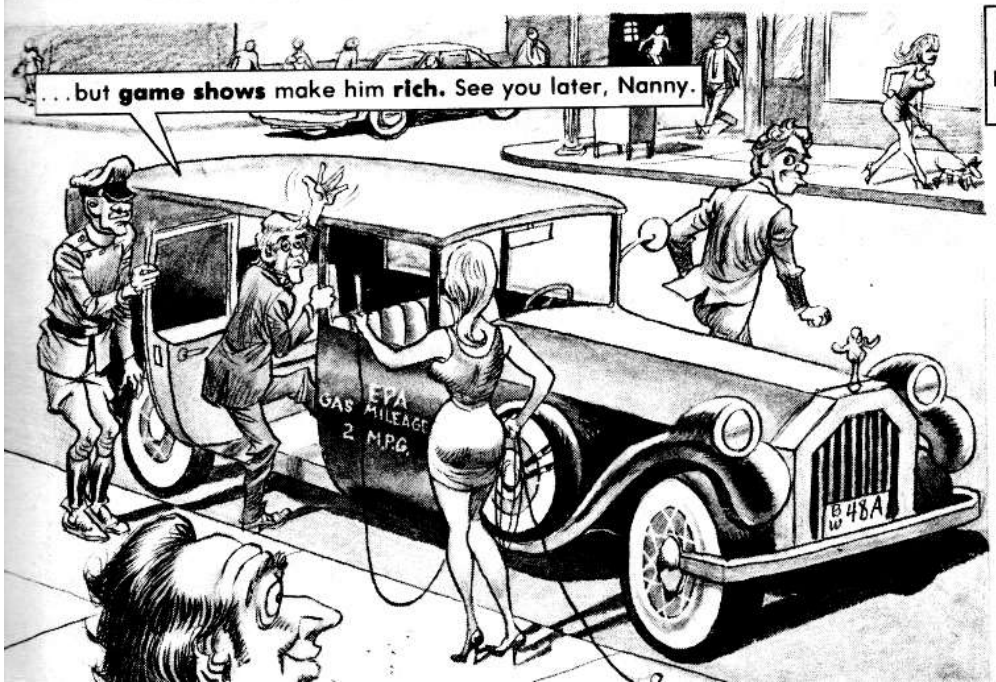
Oooops. There's the buzzer. Time's up!—With 3 prize envelopes, Mrs. Horsenagel, you're the winner! Johnny, tell her what she wins!


Mrs. Horsenagel, you've won a year's supply of Bumble Bee Motor Oil—if you don't care about your engine, use Bumble Bee—plus, the exciting bestseller "MY LIFE", the autobiography of Fred Lopez, a sewer connector for more than 35 years, courtesy of Viking Press. And lastly, 10 sets of ladies lingerie supplied by the U.S. Army. Back to you Bob.
PAI GA
MY LIFE
U.S. ARMY


Oh, Bob. Thank you.
Well, Nanny. I've got a budget to watch, so I only give away things supplied by companies in exchange for a short plug. But Nanny, the real thing contestants are trying for on all my shows is the secret grand prize, behind this curtain, worth $1 million.
I must say, the prizes really **aren't** that exciting.
WOW! Just out of curiousity, what **is** it?
You **really** want to know?
Oh **yes**, Chuck, **YES!**

This.
There's **nothing** there!
I know. That's cause no one's ever **won** it.
Well, how do you "win" this million dollar prize?
We've never said.
Hasn't anyone ever **asked?**
No—which **proves** how **high** the **I.Q.'s** are of the people who go on our shows.

On a more serious note, have you ever had the urge to produce something meaningful—like a Shakespearian play?
I did. But then I sat down and figured out the pluses and minuses and came to a conclusion.
Which **was?**
Shakespeare brings a producer **lots** of **prestige**...
It does.


...but **game shows** make him **rich.** See you later, Nanny.
GAS MILEAGE
EPA
2 M.P.G.
B48A

And this is Nanny Dickering saying...
Wait! Wait! Mr. Embarris, I wanna be on one of your game shows. **Please! PLEASE!** I can really use the **Bumble Bee Motor Oil.**
Lady, I'm not Chuck Embarris.
Are you sure? Let me see identification.
He's **right.** His contestants really **aren't** that bright. See you next month!

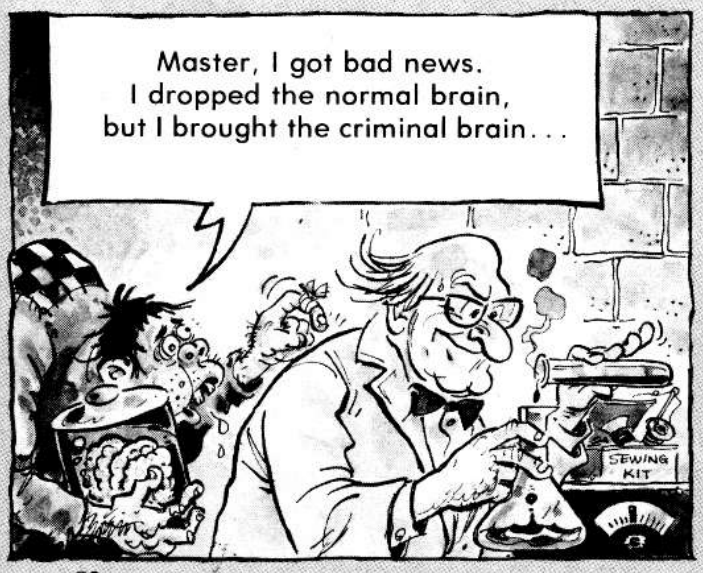
SHUT-UPS

Your eyes are like two cool pools... your hair is like golden silk... your mouth the color of red roses... your...

SHUT-UP with the small talk, just give me the ring!

Morris, you were such a good husband...I don't know what I'm going to do without you...

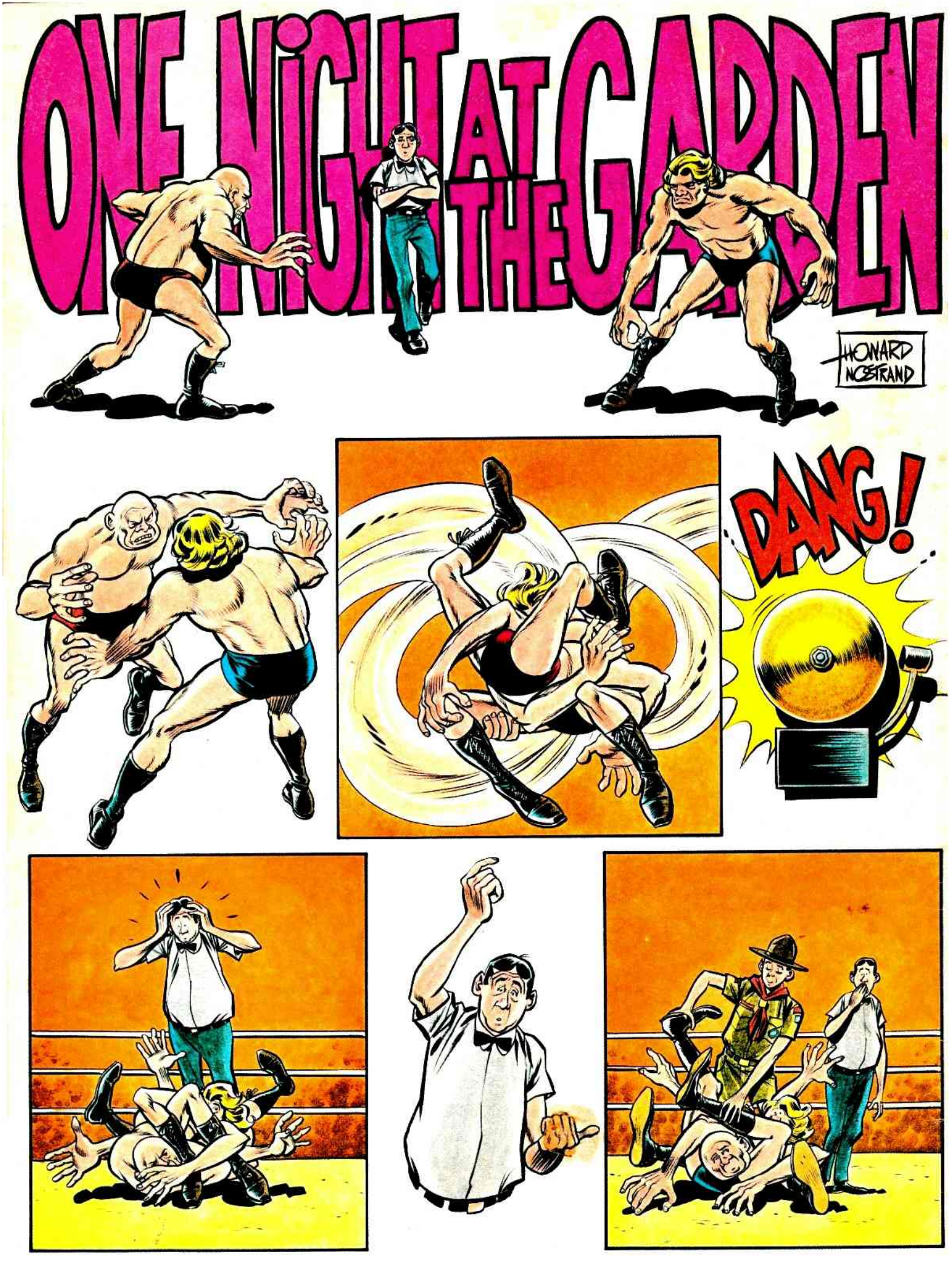
SHUT-UP! I'm just having an ingrown toe-nail removed!
MORRIS


Master, I got bad news. I dropped the normal brain, but I brought the criminal brain...
SEWING KIT

SHUT-UP, you fool; just the brain I wanted. Now I can get rid of my mother-in-law!
Doktor Orzhek

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

IF YOU CAN
READ THIS
YOU ARE EITHER


ONE NIGHT AT THE GARDEN
HOWARD NOSTRAND
DANG!